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SEPTEMBER 1956

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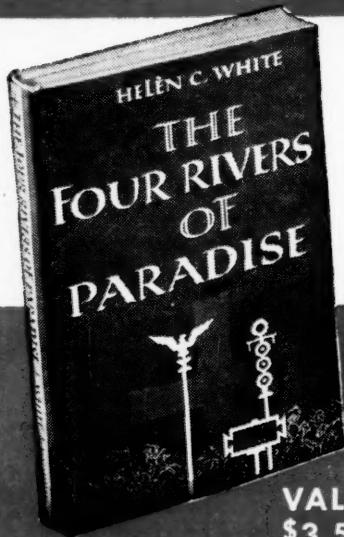
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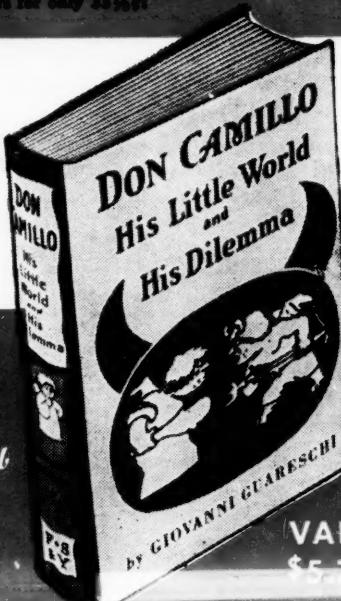
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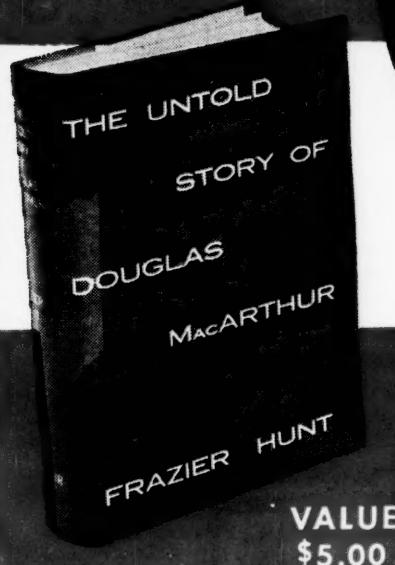
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By George Meany
President, AFL-CIO

What Labor Day Means to America

Union men seek the nation's welfare as well as their own

ADYNAMIC, 30-year-old American son of Irish immigrants, Peter J. McGuire, first proposed Labor day.

McGuire, his handlebar mustache waxed to a turn, his black bow tie, usually askew, knotted with care, and his celluloid collars and cuffs freshly cleaned, outlined his idea before the Central Labor union in Clarendon hall, on 13th St. in New York City, on May 8, 1882.

Many people and events are annually remembered by special days, said the man who was organizer and general secretary of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. But no day has been set aside for "those who from rude nature have delved and carved all the grandeur we behold"—the common man, the workingman.

"No festival of martial glory or warrior's renown is this; no pageant pomp of warlike conquest, no glory of fratricidal strife attend this day," McGuire commented. "It is dedicated to peace, civilization, and the triumphs of industry. It is a demon-

stration of fraternity and the harbinger of a better age: a more chivalrous time, when labor shall be best honored and well remarked."

Acting on McGuire's suggestion, the states, one by one, set aside the first Monday in September of each year as Labor day. In 1894, Congress enacted the law setting it up as a legal holiday.

Parades featured the first Labor days because nothing else attracted such wide public attention. In an era when the press, courts, and public challenged the right of labor to organize, parades attracted huge crowds and produced headline stories.

McGuire first used a parade to promote a labor objective when he was only 21 years old. In 1872, the young man with the flaming hair and tongue helped organize and direct an eight-hour-long procession for the eight-hour day. Twenty-five thousand men tramped over the cobbled streets of New York from 14th St. to 4th Ave., along the Bowery



McGuire

WHAT LABOR DAY MEANS TO AMERICA

5

to Chatham, from there to City hall, up Broadway to 8th St., and over to Cooper Union. Among the marchers was Samuel Gompers, later the first president of the American Federation of Labor, then a 23-year-old member of the cigar makers' union.

A manifesto delivered before the parade of the following year, 1873, the year of the panic, demanded programs to alleviate distress of the unemployed. McGuire asked for a public-works program for the jobless, a policy that was carried into effect more than half a century later in another grave economic crisis by Franklin D. Roosevelt. He asked maintenance or pay for at least a week for those thrown out of work through no fault of their own, a proposal that led to unemployment insurance. He urged that the mayor and governor halt evictions of persons unable to pay rent because of economic conditions beyond their control.

The next year a permit to hold a labor mass meeting in Tompkins square, New York City, was withdrawn. McGuire and some of his followers defied both the ban and the detachment of mounted police, flanked by foot patrolmen, who surrounded the park. Promptly at 11 A.M., the hour set for the parade, they marched down A Ave. toward 8th and the Square. The mounted men charged with clubs and night sticks. McGuire and his little band were thrown back; ribs, arms, and legs were broken. Sam

Gompers, who was in the crowd, related, "I barely saved my head from being cracked by jumping down a cellarway."

Labor day is no longer tempestuous. Parades continue in some cities, but most now end at the doors of Catholic churches where Labor-day Masses give workingmen and women an annual opportunity to rededicate themselves to St. Joseph, the patron saint of workers. Protestants and Jews also now hold Labor-day services. The day is marked by radio and television programs, speeches at outings and meetings, and special articles in the labor and daily press and other publications.

Organized labor has grown adult since the first Labor day. It now includes those who make and operate everything with which you come in contact. A union man made the bed you sleep in, the quilts you wrap around you, the alarm clock that rouses you. Union men probably built your house; delivered your milk; made your bread; slaughtered the hogs for the bacon you eat.

Trade unionists made the car in which you drive to work. One drives the bus that takes your children to school. Union members operate the trains, and made them. They fly the planes, and built them. They are the voices you hear on the radio and television, and those who made the sets. They are the actors in the motion pictures, the ones who wrote the scripts, directed the plays, cranked the cameras, played the

music. Organized workingmen and women and their families are the people next door, the other shoppers in the store, the persons beside you on the streetcar, in the theater, at church.

Organized labor, 15 million strong in the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, seeks to better wages and working conditions of members, but, more than that, AFL-CIO members are citizens first, and union members secondly. They believe that what is good for America is good for them. They, therefore, seek to better the conditions of all Americans in housing, education, social security, taxation, health, and community affairs.

The AFL-CIO follows the tradition of organized labor as it works for objectives outside mine, mill, shop, and office. The AFL was primarily responsible for our free, compulsory public-school system. The AFL led in abolishing child labor, in easing the labor burden on women, in making mines and factories safer and more sanitary, in promoting social-justice legislation of all kinds.

Much of this is known. Less realized is the contribution to America made by labor in foreign policy. We of labor are proud of our part in seeing that America has the highest standard of living in the world. We know that our rich natural resources gave us the means of attaining our position of leadership, but we know from experience that labor

had to be organized to assure the fair distribution of the fruits of production. We know that organized labor has to continue using its influence to see that the purchasing power of the masses of the people is maintained so that the wheels of production and distribution continue to turn. We know also from the cruel tragedy of unions under Hitler, Franco, Peron, Stalin, Tito, and Khruschev that we can maintain free trade unions only under our democratic free-enterprise system.

For these reasons, the American workingman and woman has a prime interest in foreign policy, in overcoming communism and fascism at home or overseas. We have an active interest in foreign policy because, like every other American, we do not wish war. We wish peace, but peace with honor.

We stand firm on the principles that built our nation. We want to maintain our way of life. We realize, as the International Labor organization says, that "poverty anywhere is a threat to prosperity everywhere." We know that low wages and miserable working conditions in any part of the world threaten the high wages and good working conditions of American workers.

The first major participation of the AFL in world affairs came after the 1st World War. Then Gompers, first president of the AFL, went to Versailles as a labor delegate to the peace conference, and helped or-

ganize the International Labor organization. The ILO, an assembly of representatives of government, workers, and employers, was established to try to raise the wages and working conditions of workers throughout the world; and in this effort began the first technical-assistance programs. The ILO is the only League of Nations organization that continued on in existence under the United Nations.

Between wars, the AFL was one of the first American organizations to warn against fascism. At a time when others were praising Mussolini and tolerating Hitler, the AFL, then under the presidency of William Green, tried to put the world on guard against fascism, a contagious threat to international peace and security. We helped get emergency visas for German trade-union leaders fleeing imprisonment, or death, to save them for the day when they could go back. We aided trade-union leaders who remained in Germany to keep alive some spark of resistance.

When the war came, we cooperated with our government to win and speed the ending of the war. The war over, we helped to set up a trade-union movement in West Germany, the only West-European country that united anti-communist forces in one federation. We aided

also with food, typewriters, and office furniture for people who, many coming back from holes in the underground, had absolutely nothing.

We also tried to help the French and Italian trade-union movement, but had to work there with persons who had not learned at first hand, like the Germans, of the cruel facts of communist occupation. We also had to contend with the soft attitude of American political and military leaders who believed that a war alliance with communists could continue in peaceful pursuits.

Immediately after the war, the AFL was almost alone in its warnings against communism, as it had been before the war in trying to alert the free world about the dangers of fascism. The AFL, alone among the free trade-union movements of the world, refused to join the World Federation of Trade Unions. It could not in conscience be associated with any organization including the phony Soviet and satellite trade unions.

Such trade unions are not free. They are instruments of the state. They could not be dignified by our recognition in any way whatsoever. The AFL was called reactionary then, but four years later was joined by other free trade unions in setting up the world-wide International Con-



federation of Free Trade Unions.

Unfortunately for the course of world history, the AFL was a lone voice striving to alert the free world against the communist drive in China. It argued in vain against those who accepted the communists in China as agrarian reformers and did not realize that failure to accept the Nationalist government, with all its shortcomings, left the field to the communists.

"Their [the Chinese Nationalists] resistance to the Bolshevik plague is essentially the vanguard phase of an international operation against communist Moscow," the AFL said in 1949. It urged action by the U.S. while there was still time.

After China was lost, the AFL argued against recognition of or trade with communist China, and demanded that Soviet Russia be haled before the United Nations to answer for fostering and financing civil war against a legitimate government recognized by all the UN members. We warned on June 24, 1949, a year before the communist sneak attack in Korea, against withdrawing our troops from South Korea.

The late Matthew Woll, chairman of the AFL International Labor Relations committee, told Secretary of Defense Johnson and Secretary of State Acheson, "Korean and Chinese problems are correlated and inseparable. Korean stooges are swallowing North Korea and enslaving the Korean people."

In 1952, when the communists demanded forced repatriation of the 132,000 UN prisoners of war as the price of truce talks, the AFL Free Trade-Union committee warned against the procedure, and successfully cited a Soviet blast at forced repatriation, when demanded by the Germans in the 2nd World War.

Less influential was our repeated demand that France abandon her fateful outmoded colonialism in Indo-China, with the result that half Vietnam, like Korea and Germany, was abandoned to communism. Fortunately, nationalist elements in Morocco and Tunisia were more successful.

AFL-documented disclosure of forced labor in the Soviet Union is generally known. Photostatic copies and documents brought to the free world by Russians and Poles who escaped the slave-labor camps of the USSR enabled us to pinpoint the facts and carry the case through the UN and ILO. Fewer realize that the AFL drew up an international bill of rights in 1946 that was adopted as the basis of a charter of human rights by the UN in 1950.

Within more recent years, we warned at the Geneva summit conferences that "a man may smile and smile and be a villain." We stand categorically against free labor sending delegations to any country which prohibits free trade unions, outlaws all free trade-union activi-

ties, and penalizes workers for advocating free trade unionism. This is our answer to the invitations to exchange delegations with communist Russia or communist China. We reject equally any move that would give moral respectability to the antiunion policies in Yugoslavia, Spain, Guatemala or Venezuela.

We warn that although Khrushchev may have denounced Stalin personally, Moscow has not lifted the yoke from the millions still under communist domination. This Stalin diversionary tactic in no way means that the communists have abandoned their objective of enslaving the world. We must not forget that the Reds still stand out against progressive, mutual disarmament; against a ban on thermonuclear weapons guaranteed by effective international inspection; and against permitting the peoples of East Germany and elsewhere behind the Iron Curtain the chance to regain their God-given rights through free elections.

The AFL-CIO stresses the supreme importance of offering the economically underdeveloped countries adequate help to assure their economic progress, human freedom, and national security. This is the field in which the communists are now concentrating their efforts, and we cannot afford to stand back. As we said during the days when people were arguing over the Marshall plan, "In the race between security and starvation, civilization and chaos, democracy and totalitarian dictatorship, peace and war, we dare not remain neutral."

"Underdeveloped and undeveloped continents and regions, where hundreds of millions nurse their grievances and their hopes, constitute a fertile ground for communist operations," the AFL-CIO Executive council warned in recent session, declaring that we must be concerned with the need for food, health, and irrigation in the underdeveloped countries, and their burning desire for independence and genuine equality.

NO BANANAS TODAY!

A harried-looking man walked into the village fruit stand and furtively offered to buy up all the overripe vegetables and aged eggs.

After filling his order the clerk remarked with a twinkle in his eye, "Something tells me that you plan to go down to the theater tonight and see that new comedian."

"Sh-h-h—not so loud!" hissed the man. "It just happens that I am that new comedian."

E. E. Kenyon in the *American Weekly* (6 May '56).



By Leo Cherne
Condensed from the
"New York Times Magazine"*

New Russia, New Myth

*The more it changes, the
more it is the same thing*

FOR AT LEAST 30 years, the Soviet Union has presented a false front to the world. But now the false face has been lifted off, revealing the familiar likeness of Joseph Stalin. He, and not the Soviet system, we are told, was responsible for all the evils. Now, with Stalin dead, collective leadership assures the true functioning of a people's democracy.

Thus a new myth is born. The old myth said that all that happens in the Soviet Union is good. Now we are told that the good was infected with evil. But the evil man is safely dead, and goodness at long last reigns supreme.

Admittedly, changes are taking place in the Soviet Union, as they are in all societies. Without doubt, the new leaders are different from Stalin and unlike each other. A precise repetition of the brutalities now being confessed is unlikely. If, however, the nature of the Soviet Union today and tomorrow is to be understood and anticipated, the

past must be fully comprehended.

In the few short years since Stalin's death, the Kremlin leaders have admitted defects of terrifying magnitude in Soviet society.

During the last 25 years practically every original leader of the Soviet revolution has been killed or exiled. Many of Russia's leading communists, generals, publishers, journalists, scientists, economists, and artists were convicted of treason. It is now admitted that many of the convictions against these men were produced by fraudulent evidence. The testimony was imaginary, the confessions were false, the courts unconstitutional, the judicial processes illegal—even under Soviet law.

Several among the accused were, in fact, in opposition to Stalin. But to admit this would further expose the present leaders' failure to oppose the evil.

It is now conceded that even the

Mr. Cherne is Executive Director of the Research Institute of America, Inc.

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party, the elite minority of Soviet society, failed to protest. Debate and criticism did not exist within the organs of the party, not to mention the more than 95% of the community outside the party. It has been specifically acknowledged that even those high enough in the hierarchy to share the platform with Joseph Stalin were "compelled" to be equally acquiescent.

Count after count follows in this endless indictment. It is now charged that the alliance between the Soviet Union and nazi Germany was a betrayal, that the subsequent attack by the nazis should have been anticipated and was not. It is admitted that millions of Russian lives were needlessly lost, that adequate defense was prevented. It is conceded that the major instruments of Soviet society, the party, the Army, industry, the secret police, were in constant fear of each other and in constant danger from the top.

Anti-Semitism, it is now revealed, not only existed in the Soviet Union but was, as in nazi Germany, fostered as an instrument of the state. It is admitted that scientific theory was distorted at the whim of politicians.

The Soviet Union now admits the existence of slave labor camps. There is also an implied admission that the primary reason for their existence was the need for coerced production. Unions, we are now told, have been merely tools of the

state for exploiting the workers.

So the 30-year myth is whittled away to reveal the catalogue of past falsehood. But the real falsehood is the new myth that takes the place of the old. If the earlier Soviet was a riddle wrapped in an enigma, the new Soviet must be described as the truth surrounded by a lie. Monolithic praise of Stalin is now replaced by monolithic denunciation. The party remains infallible. The state's hands are clean. Consequently, of course, all but those directly charged are innocent. And since those charged are dead, the Soviet expects its people and the world to believe it can't happen again.

Lenin, in a moment of foreboding, warned his fellow communists that the revolution must not be permitted to devour its own children. What the founding father of communism failed to realize was that the inner logic of totalitarianism makes it inevitable that the state will consume its own sons.

The unchallengeable dictator is never content with the power he already has; he must reach for more and more until his rule is absolute. And when ultimate power is attained, history tells us, the holder of that power will experience a sort of madness, a pathological suspicion of his closest colleagues, and a deep fear of the rumbling masses.

The communists themselves admit that Stalin suffered from the occupational disease of the absolute

monarch. But in the process of making this revelation, they reveal to the world the nature of their own system. It is now official doctrine that under communism a madman can attain absolute power and nobody can do anything about it except sit around and wait for him to die. Under communism there is no method for correcting such a condition. Khrushchev himself has presented the real indictment against communism when he tells us that he and his associates were aware of Stalin's crimes. Yet they administered his deadly purposes.

There are obviously no clean hands among today's rulers of the USSR. Yet they are making an effort to persuade the world that they have reformed. They know that the world will be eager to believe that its danger has passed.

But has the mechanism that produced disaster been altered? Does the pinnacle, the Kremlin, attract the madmen or create them? Was the Communist party subverted by Stalin or was he himself the inevitable product of communism? Sidney Kingsley, in closing his dramatization of *Darkness at Noon*, has Rubashov, the old Bolshevik, address his torturer, Gletkin, the new Soviet man.

Rubashov: "My son—."

Gletkin: "I am not your son."

Rubashov: "Yes, you are. That's the horror. The means have become the end; and darkness has come over the land."

In these prophetic lines may be found the only responsible position for America: a recognition that sons may disown their father, yet offer no assurance that their conduct will be more civilized than the acts of terror which gave them birth.

What should our policy be in the light of the new, if momentary, environment within the Soviet orbit? Primarily, all our actions in relation to the Soviet should flow from recognition that the fundamental conflict between us has not been resolved, that the Soviet blueprint for world conquest has not been revised, and that the recent changes are merely a temporary transfer of that conflict from the battlefields of Korea and Indo-China to the psychological, economic, and diplomatic arenas.

Above all, there should be no confusion within the government as to the purposes of the new Soviet moves. It is harmful in the extreme for any representative of the U. S. government to leave the impression that the Iron Curtain is crumbling when it is not, that reliable disarmament is in process when it is not, or that permanent tranquility is a realistic prospect for Soviet-American relations.

It is urgent that we not assist the Soviet Union in whatever difficulties it may now confront by parroting the impression that the "darkness at noon" has turned into lightness—an impression which the Kremlin is so eager to convey.

By Janice Tyrwhitt
Condensed from "Maclean's Magazine"*

When the Doctor Checks You Up

He can diagnose ulcers from your conversation, heart trouble from your fingernails, or sclerosis from your kneecap



A SLIP OF THE TONGUE led a Montreal woman to make an appointment with a doctor. "I'm perfectly well," she told him, "but if I'm getting absent-minded, I'd better have a checkup." The doctor gave her a general examination which saved her life; it revealed a brain tumor in time for successful operation.

Except for its dramatic result, this woman's examination was similar to the one your doctor gives you because you want a life-insurance policy or because you think it is wise to have a regular medical checkup.

Like a detective, the doctor begins his examination by asking questions. They sound casual, but he's really systematically discovering everything about your past and present that may bear on your health.

Don't lie when the doctor asks your age, for your age may provide

him with his first clue; certain illnesses are characteristic of certain periods of your life. If you're over 45, he'll watch for degenerative diseases caused by the breakdown of the heart, liver, or pancreas.

Next he'll ask if any of your close relatives have ever had tuberculosis, diabetes, high blood pressure, or other conditions that tend to run in families, and question you in close detail about your own past illnesses. Your doctor will actually want to hear you talk about your operation.

He'll also ask about your living habits. How much exercise do you get? How much do you smoke and drink? How often do you see a dentist? What do you do on holidays? How much sleep do you get? Are you worried about your family, job, or bank balance?

*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. May 12, 1956. © 1956 by the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

All the time he's talking to you, the doctor is trying to figure out what kind of person you are. "You've got to remember you're treating humans, not diseases," one doctor points out. Most doctors agree that physical health and mental health are so interdependent it's impossible to separate them entirely.

Even the places you have lived may provide a clue to your present condition. Before iodine was added to salt, anyone who grew up around the Great Lakes was likely to develop goiter. Patients who have lived abroad may be suffering from the aftereffects of a tropical disease such as malaria. A Toronto doctor, examining a patient with mysterious symptoms, was able to put his finger on the trouble when questioning revealed that the man had once gone through a dust storm in western Texas, where an unusual combination of climate and geology fosters a rare lung disease.

Any changes in the way you feel are revealing to the doctor. If you tire easily, you may be anemic or just bored. A sudden loss of weight warns the doctor to look for diabetes, severe anemia, or stomach trouble. A drop in weight may be the only readily noticeable symptom of cancer.

If you are getting hungry faster than usual, you may be developing an ulcer. "You can diagnose an ulcer over the telephone, but you can't find it by examining the patient," one doctor comments.

WHY YOU MAY NEED A CHECKUP

Does a day's work tire you?

Has a year passed since your last medical checkup?

Do you feel that you can't cope with your problems?

Has your weight dropped suddenly?

Do you have pains in your chest or stomach?

Have any of your relatives had tuberculosis or diabetes?

Do you suffer from headaches, dizziness or failing sight?

Have you any skin rashes?

Does your back ache?

Are you secretly afraid you may be ill?

These are common reasons for seeing a doctor. About seven people out of ten with these symptoms are physically sound, although they may be overworked or worried. The other three are actually ill. If your answer is Yes to any of these questions you may need a medical checkup.

For the physical part of the examination, the doctor will note the color of your skin. Bluish skin may be caused by heart trouble; yellow skin means jaundice, a symptom of liver derangement; pallor may indicate anemia.

The doctor will check your hands for signs of rheumatoid arthritis, which causes swelling in the mid-

idle joints of the fingers, or congenital heart disease, which sometimes shows up in an excessive rounding of the fingernails. He may ask you to hold out each hand in turn with a piece of paper balanced on your extended fingers. If the paper shakes you may be suffering from overactivity of the thyroid.

Swollen feet may mean faulty kidneys, heart trouble—or just tight shoes. You needn't worry about fallen arches unless they're actually painful. "We used to think flat feet were always bad," a doctor says, "but that myth was exploded in the last war when the Germans took flat-footed men into the Afrika corps."

Since serious illness may lurk inside your body for years without showing externally or causing pain, the doctor can get a head start by actually looking into your body through a tiny window provided by nature, the pupil of your eye.

What does the doctor see when he asks you to look over his right shoulder, and looks into your right eye with his right eye? Through the peephole in his ophthalmoscope he can see right through your eye, as far back as the fundus, that part that lies on the back wall of the eye directly opposite the pupil. When he asks you to look in various directions, he's searching for small opaque spots in the outside layers of your eye. Cataracts show up as black shadows. Irregular reddish-brown dots might indicate diabetes. Bright's

disease, tuberculosis, leukemia, or hemophilia.

The doctor will ask you to look in toward your nose so that he can see a pink disk that is the head of the optic nerve. Visible in this disk are a number of veins and arteries which pretty accurately reflect the state of the blood vessels throughout the rest of your body.

An examination like this revealed the brain tumor of the absent-minded Montreal woman. When her doctor looked at the disk of her eye he found it swollen and inflamed, indicating pressure inside her skull. If this swelling had been caused by a condition such as nephritis, mastoiditis, or meningitis, signs of illness would probably have appeared in other parts of her body; the absence of other symptoms warned her doctor of brain tumor.

If you often have colds, your doctor may check the condition of your sinuses, air passages in the bones of your cheeks and forehead, by a method called transillumination. He darkens the room and holds a light first in your eye socket and then in your mouth. If the light doesn't come through, your sinuses are blocked; if it does, they're probably healthy. He'll test your hearing by the reliable old method of holding a watch a few feet from each ear in turn.

Next he'll examine your mouth with a light to look for inflamed tonsils, a signal of infection somewhere in the body. He'll check

your teeth, although he no longer believes that decayed teeth cause arthritis; he knows they won't have much effect on your joints unless they're actually abscessed.

When the doctor taps your chest he's estimating the size and position of your heart or abnormalities of the lung. If your heart is larger than normal, he knows it's overworking and weakening itself. If it's displaced, it may have been forced out of position by a variety of conditions in the chest or by an accumulation of fat in your abdomen. To listen for your heartbeat, the doctor will use his stethoscope.

Doctors used to be alarmed by heart "murmurs." Now they accept them as small unusual sounds normally found in certain hearts but often not significant. After counting your pulse with his fingers on the inside of your wrist, the doctor will probably ask you to touch your toes several times. "What the heart does when you put it under a bit of strain is one of the best heart tests we've got," a doctor explains.

For a further check on your heart the doctor may suggest an electrocardiogram. While you lie on the examining table, bands that strap you down pick up electrical impulses from your body and transmit them to a film strip. The curve that appears on the strip shows typical deviations if the heart is diseased. But because each heart has characteristic patterns different from any other heart, a single electrocardio-

gram isn't infallible. "A patient of mine registered a normal electrocardiogram one afternoon, and dropped dead of heart failure in a town-council meeting that night," one doctor recalls.

One of the chief values of an electrocardiogram lies in repeated tests which can be compared over periods of time. You may have a seizure some months after a routine examination; comparison of a second electrocardiogram with your previous one shows whether you've actually had a heart attack.

To test your reflexes, the doctor will ask you to sit with your legs crossed while he taps your knee with a rubber hammer. One set of nerves carries an impulse up to your spinal cord, another set carries it back to the muscle above the knee. If the nerves are working properly, that muscle will contract and you'll kick sharply. If your kick is exaggerated, you're probably tense and overstrung; if you don't respond, your nerves may have been atrophied by some disease such as syphilis, multiple sclerosis, sciatica, or tumor of the spinal cord.

The doctor measures your blood pressure with a sphygmomanometer, an instrument with an inflatable cloth cuff that is fastened around your arm just above the elbow.

The doctor pumps up the cuff until it presses your arm so hard that it stops the circulation within the large artery. Then he slowly lets the air out of the cuff and

listens for the first pulse beat as the blood rushes back through the artery. At this moment he measures the amount of pressure in your artery. This is called the systolic, or peak, pressure.

As the doctor continues to deflate the cuff, he listens for the moment when the loud pulse beat subsides to a muffled sound, which means that the heart is in its resting phase. At this point he measures the diastolic blood pressure, a more significant figure than the systolic because it represents the between-beat blood pressure.

The doctor won't take your blood pressure until he knows you're relaxed, because an emotional upset can push the systolic pressure up as much as 70 points. "People have more misconceptions about high blood pressure than about any other part of the examination," one doctor comments. "They know that the average pressure is about 120 at the systole and 80 at the diastole, and they're scared by a pressure that may mean only that they're nervous because you're taking their blood pressure. That old saying that your systolic pressure should equal your age plus 100 isn't accurate at all. The figures vary so widely from person to person that you can't call any one pressure normal."

One doctor illustrates the effect of apprehension on blood pressure by describing a patient who came into his office late one afternoon. "I feel terrible today," she com-

plained. "My blood pressure's always high, but I can just feel that it's even higher than usual." Sure enough, her systolic pressure was 265, but the doctor didn't give her the figure. Instead he tried a therapeutic stratagem. "Splendid," he said, "you're perfectly all right." Within a few minutes her systolic pressure had fallen to 189.

Urinalysis, the next step in the doctor's examination, can tell him if you're a dope addict, an expectant mother, or the victim of arsenic poisoning; but he's most likely to use it as a test for nephritis or diabetes.

Each separate medical test is significant only when correlated with other tests, your own feelings, and the doctor's judgment. "There's no way you can use mechanical and chemical instruments to do the work of the human brain. All they can give you is a picture of a person's functions at a particular instant," a doctor points out. If not satisfied that you're absolutely healthy, he'll suggest appropriate treatment, examination by a specialist or further checks. If you are healthy, it's his business to reassure you.

How often should you have an examination? Most doctors recommend a checkup every two or three years before you're 35, every year from 35 to 60, and twice a year after that. At an average fee by a general practitioner of from \$7 to \$15, the periodic examination is an inexpensive way to buy peace of mind.

The Negro-White Problem: Approaches to a Solution

*Fourth in a series of articles on the Catholic
Digest survey of the race problem in the U.S.*

THE NEGRO-WHITE problem, in the public mind the greatest problem confronting the nation today, will not solve itself. A solution will come only from a definite plan.

These facts are revealed by a nation-wide survey conducted for **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST** by Ben Gaffin & Associates, national research agency. Plans in the minds of people questioned differed greatly but the majorities are convinced that some plan is needed.

In fact, three persons in every five, or 60%, argued the need for a definite plan. Only three out of ten, 29%, said that the problem will work itself out. It would seem that proponents of a "prudent" do-nothing attitude find themselves on weak ground.

The following table gives the exact percentage of responses to the question concerning need for a definite plan.

	<i>Whites</i>		<i>Negroes</i>	
	<i>North</i>	<i>South</i>	<i>North</i>	<i>South</i>
Definite plan is needed	60%	57%	65%	73%
Will work itself out	28	35	29	22
No opinion	12	8	6	5

Southern Negroes, as might be expected, were strongest in the opinion that a definite program is needed. As the foregoing table shows, seven out of ten, 73%, of Southern Negroes voted affirmatively; 22% would leave things alone; a mere 5% gave no opinion.

In contemplating the percentages shown in the table, you must bear in mind the gravity of the problem itself—the greatest of all problems in the U.S. today—and the fact that fear, conscious or subconscious, of immediate consequences, might prevent people, both the colored themselves and their white friends, from advocating measures that they believe would effect or at least lead to an ultimate solution.

A Negro interviewer in the South said, "The people are positively scared to talk or be seen with a stranger. It is true that they are controlled with fear. Meetings of any kind are broken up with gun shots. To interview farm hands working for white owners is almost impossible."

Nevertheless, inhibitions surrounding the racial question do not

Question: "Do you think that a definite plan is needed for solving the Negro-White problem or that it will work itself out all right?"

	NORTH		WHITES		SOUTH	
	Definite plan	Will work itself out	No opinion	Definite plan	Will work itself out	No opinion
Whites	60%	28%	12%	57%	35%	8%
Men	60	29	11	57	39	4
Women	60	27	13	57	32	11
Segregationists	53	31	16	60	32	8
Desegregationists	67	25	8	53	45	2
Least prejudiced	66	25	9	53	39	8
Intermediate	52	33	15	56	37	7
Most prejudiced	51	30	19	69	23	8
White areas	62	27	11	60	32	8
Mixed areas	48	33	19	48	46	6
NORTH		NEGROES		SOUTH		
Negroes	65%	29%	6%	73%	22%	5%
Men	69	25	6	71	23	6
Women	61	33	6	76	20	4
Larger cities	65	30	5	71	26	3
Smaller & rural	65	26	9	76	18	6
Negro areas	66	29	5	72	22	6
Mixed areas	65	29	6	78	21	1
Northern born	70	23	7	—	—	—
Southern born	64	31	5	—	—	—
All			All Ne-			
Whites	59%	30%	groes	70%	24%	6%

prevent true views from showing through. And however sharp the contrast may be between North and South, between white and Negro, in many other aspects of the problem, it is hopeful that substantial agreement does appear among all groups on the necessity for some form of action.

For 59% of all whites and 70% of all Negroes eschew a peace-at-any-price policy, while only 30% of the whites and only 24% of the Negroes would let things slide. Moreover, and perhaps surprisingly to some, southern whites are almost as solidly in favor of a specific program as the whites in the North, 57% and 60%, respectively. Indeed, the "most prejudiced" among the whites of the South registered a 69% vote in favor of something be-

ing done toward solution of the Negro-White problem. (But this is the lone group with a majority that feels the Negro has already been helped too much.)

In mixed areas, both North and South, it seems that whites are more satisfied with the way things work out between them and their colored neighbors than the Negro neighbors are. Thus, only 48% of whites living in mixed areas in the North assent to any need for a definite plan for solution of the race problem; 33% see no need for any plan; 19% gave no opinion.

Negroes in the same areas, on the other hand, advanced a 65% opinion in favor of some systematic action; 29% think the problem will work itself out; 6% ventured no opinion. Perhaps the northern Ne-

groes were looking beyond the confines of their own neighborhoods in expressing themselves.

As in the North, only 48% of whites living in mixed areas of the South said that they saw any need for specific action; 46% were positive that no plan is necessary; and 6% gave no opinion. But *their* Negro neighbors voted for precise action to the tune of a whopping 78%; only 21% were complacent; and an insignificant 1% gave no opinion.

The second of three questions bearing on approaches to solution of the Negro-White problem dealt with the placing of responsibility: "Do you think that the problem is something for Negroes to work out by themselves or should whites work on it also?" The answers:

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Negroes by themselves	4%	7%	5%	4%
Whites should also work on it	90	88	92	92
No opinion	6	5	3	4

Both sides seem to realize that white people, who created the problem in the first place, should share the burden of solving it. Nationally, nine people in every ten, 89%, say that whites should not leave the problem to Negroes. The northern white vote for such white participation was 90%; the southern-white, 88%; Negroes, North and South, 92% each.

The third question involving approaches to answers to the Negro-White problem links itself to that on responsibility. It was: "Some people think that Negroes have already been helped too much. Do you agree or disagree with that idea?"

Here, again, strong majorities demand more help for Negroes: three whites in every four, or 73%, and nine Negroes in every ten, or 91%. Only the most prejudiced southern whites show more agreement (49%) than disagreement (38%) with the view that Negroes have already been helped too much.

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Disagree	77%	59%	88%	95%
Agree	14	26	5	5
No opinion	9	15	7	2

As with the question of sharing the solution of the problem, answers to that on giving the Negroes more help were in rather sharp contrast in neighborhoods where colored and whites hang out their washes in adjoining yards. In mixed areas in the North, 22% of whites said that Negroes already had been helped more than enough; 62% said they had not been; 16% had no opinion. In comparable areas in the South, 23% of whites asserted that Negroes had already been given too much help; 55%, that they hadn't been; 22% were of no opinion.

But only 3% of Negro neighbors to whites in the North agreed that Negroes had been helped enough; 88% asked for more help; 9% ex-

pressed no opinion. While 5% of Negroes living among whites in the South said they had been helped too much already, only 2% gave no opinion, and a vociferous 93% cried out for more help.

The racial-supremacy heresy is hardy, indeed. This fact has become newly apparent in boycotts and other economic pressures, legislation, attempted legislation, and

even violence as consequences of the Supreme Court's antisegregation ruling and efforts to comply with it. Yet, there is hope in the fact that majorities in all groups of the American people stand on common ground in demanding more help for the Negroes among us, in agreeing the problem is common to all, and that a definite plan must be worked out to solve it.

SILENT TRIBUTE

He was only a little old janitor, and she never learned his name. But singer Kathryn Grayson, star of *Showboat*, will never forget his kindness. She met him one morning in the vast, empty amphitheater of the St. Louis Municipal Opera company.

Kathryn, then a youngster of 13 living near the amphitheater, climbed over the fence one day and made her way toward the great stage. The janitor laid down his broom and followed her down the aisle. She was afraid at first, but a friendly smile from the old man reassured her. When she reached the stage, he was seated in the front row.

Kathryn burst into song. She sang snatches from several operas. When she finished, the little man arose and paid her the tribute of a courtly bow.

The performance of that day was repeated every morning for nearly two weeks. Always the janitor sat alone in the front row; always, at the end of her recital, he got up and bowed.

One day, however, he was not in the front row when Kathryn began to sing. But presently he appeared, followed by a beautiful, modishly attired woman. He had brought a friend to listen! Kathryn sang with increased ardor.

"Your voice is lovely," the woman told her when she had finished. "You should study singing." She added that she was Frances Marshall of the Chicago Civic Opera company, and that she would give Kathryn lessons.

"What did he tell you about me?" Kathryn whispered.

"Why—nothing," said Frances Marshall. "I came to inspect the bowl before my concert, and heard you singing. I asked the janitor about you, but since he's deaf and dumb, he couldn't tell me a thing."

Adrian Anderson in *Your Personality* (Fall '55).

By Bernard Newman
*Condensed from "Picture Post"**

Churchill's Iron Moles

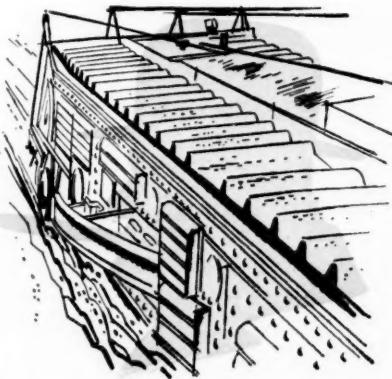
They might have breached the Siegfried line—but the Germans wouldn't wait for them to come

WINSTON CHURCHILL, in the early part of the 1st World War, developed the land battleship (he called it a "tank"—the name stuck). It is less well known that he also invented a kind of dry-land submarine for the 2nd World War.

When Churchill returned to the Admiralty in September, 1939, he promptly began to interfere in other people's business. This was an old habit of his—and one which has often worked to his country's advantage. He summoned Sir Stanley Goodall, director of Naval Construction.

"Now, Goodall," he said, "we can't sit staring at the nazis forever. One day we've got to attack the Siegfried line. And we don't want a slaughterhouse."

"I've been thinking. We've got to get our men close up to the Siegfried line *before* the fighting really begins. We need a trench-digging machine. It must cut a trench, at least six feet wide, at a speed of three or four miles an hour. It must be able to cross No Man's Land during the hours of darkness.



"Then the Germans will wake up to find our chaps on their front doorstep—maybe at their back door as well. Right! You see what's wanted? So get busy."

Goodall never once thought of suggesting that the attack on the Siegfried line was a responsibility not of the Admiralty, but of the War office.

Goodall entrusted the task to J. H. Hopkins, one of his most ingenious technicians. Hopkins hurried to Ruston-Bucyrus at Lincoln, the greatest firm of excavator manufacturers in the world, and carried

*43-44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4, England. March 17, 1956. © 1956 by Hulton Press, Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

off a small team of draftsmen to Bath, where the Naval Construction department was located.

Working in great secrecy in the cellars of a Bath hotel, the craftsmen constructed a scale working model. The model was then taken to London, to be viewed by Churchill and other high government officials.

It was about three feet long, but with its accessories it occupied a mahogany box twice that length—admirable for purposes of secrecy, for it looked just like a coffin! As it was carried onto the station platform at Bath, bystanders respectfully doffed their caps!

The demonstration was given in one of the cellars at the Admiralty. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, Sir John Simon (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) and Gen. Sir John Ironside, chief of the Imperial General Staff, were on hand.

Churchill explained the idea to his colleagues (Ironside already knew about the project). His "mammoth mole," as he called it, must be able to cross the five-mile-wide No Man's Land after dark. Then at dawn, the troops following it would be right up against the Siegfried line, the guns of which would be helpless against an enemy so close. There must be enough of the moles to attack on a 25-mile front. This front breached, they could then attack another sector.

The model worked perfectly, and Churchill's smile of pleasure almost

dislodged the cigar from his mouth.

Now the construction of the first land monster began. A section of the Ruston-Bucyrus works was bricked off, and the craftsmen were sworn to secrecy. Only one of the firm's directors knew what was happening. The operation was given the code name "White Rabbit No. 6," reflecting Churchill's magic habit of producing unusual ideas. But the code name was later changed to "Cultivator No. 6," as that seemed less likely to attract attention.

But the technicians on the job used neither of these names. The infant had been fathered by the Admiralty's Naval Land Equipment section: NLE. So the workmen called the machine Nellie.

Meanwhile, Churchill took the model over to France, and demonstrated it to General Gamelin and General Georges, who were thrilled by its possibilities. In the following weeks, the Germans noticed intense patrol activity in front of the Siegfried line, and wondered about it. The French patrols were collecting soil samples, so that the technicians could decide which sections were most suitable for Nellie's surprising operations.

Churchill had also suggested a larger machine, which could cut a wider trench through which a light tank could follow. On Feb. 7, 1940, orders were placed for 200 "infantry" type machines, 6' 6" wide, and 40 "officer" type, 7' 6" wide.

Then the technicians faced dis-

aster. Their calculations had been based on the use of a single Rolls-Royce marine engine to provide the enormous power required. Now the Air Ministry declared that every available engine would be needed for the RAF, so soon to carry the fate of Britain on its wings.

The RAF's priority was absolute. The Nellie team had to begin again. They called in Sir Harry Ricardo, the famous engine designer. He suggested a light diesel of novel design, generating 600 h.p. But Nellie was so heavy that she needed two such engines.

They pushed her from behind. Her excavating devices were adaptations of old methods. The lower part resembled an enormous lawn mower, its cutting blades 2' 6" high. The leading blade cut through the earth; the next blade picked up the soil thus loosened and deposited it along the sides of the trench.

Above the lawn mower was a device similar to a giant snowplow, also 2' 6" high. Many experiments had been necessary to give it the best shape and to find a metal strong enough to resist the enormous pressures. Then the power of 1,200 horses forced the plow through the earth, at the same time throwing the loosened soil on the edges of the trench.

Thus Nellie dug a trench five feet deep, and the soil it deposited added another three feet of cover. Along such a trench a whole army could advance.

When "Nellie I" was fully assembled, Churchill brought a distinguished company to see the final trials.

Nellie was quite a hefty monster, 77' long, 8' high, and 6½' wide. She weighed more than 120 tons! When assembled, the trench digger was entirely enclosed, but not armored; Nellie had to provide her own cover.

The trial began. Her engines sprang to life with a roar. The crew were in their places. ("We really needed a crew of snakes, there was so little space," said one official. "It was much more congested than a submarine.") The driver sat in a little turret protruding from the front propelling unit; he was the only one who could see where Nellie was going.

The monster lumbered over the ground. Then, as one of the crew manipulated the controls, Nellie's nose turned downwards, and the giant lawn-mower blades began to claw through the turf at the earth beneath. Slowly the lumbering hulk lurched forward, gently subsiding in the trench of its own making. Within a few minutes the trench was at its maximum depth of five feet, with the long deposits of soil deposited on its banks. And still Nellie plowed ahead. In an hour she had excavated nearly a mile of trench, displacing some 8,000 tons of earth.

While his companions were exclaiming in surprise, Churchill only

muttered, "It works!" His imagination was ranging far ahead. He could see his 240 "mammoth moles" advancing by night on the Siegfried line. Only a gun barrage would drown their noise.

He could almost see the astonished faces of the German soldiers on finding their enemy close at hand. The surprise of Montcalm at Quebec would be slight by comparison.

The infantry following the "mole" would need flame throwers and similar devices to dislodge the troops manning the German forts. Then light tanks, and even guns, could get around to the rear of the enemy lines, whence attack would be totally unexpected. Here was indeed the idea for which the Allies had been waiting: a way through Hitler's West Wall.

But, alas, the Germans wouldn't wait! Nellie performed her tasks with gratifying efficiency, but time was needed to raise a sufficiently large brood of the White Rabbits. Before that could be done, the Germans had broken the Allied line and smashed through France. Several Nellies were manufactured, but they were never used.

But Churchill's idea did not prove altogether fruitless. When it came time to breach Hitler's "Fortress Europe," landing craft were needed more than trench diggers. And the engines developed especially for Nellie turned out to be just the thing to power invasion barges. And so the van of the Normandy landing was propelled by engines developed to drive Churchill's "Cultivator No. 6" through the German earth!

NO MAN'S LAND

A group of soil conservationists were making a tour through a badly eroded, rocky section of the hill country. At one stop, a grizzled old farmer told the visitors, "My forefathers fought for this here land." Then, looking out across his gullied fields, he added wryly, "They wuz the hotheaded type, I guess."

The Furrow (September-October '55).

A mountaineer on his first visit to the city was fascinated by the asphalt streets. Scraping a foot on the surface at an intersection he remarked to his son, "Well, I can't blame them for building a town here. The ground is too darned hard to plow anyhow."

Clay Pipe News (May-June '55).

When the Reds Get Down to Business

Italy's communists practice what they preach against

COMMUNISTS IN ITALY, like communists everywhere, attack capitalism. Yet Italy's communists practice capitalism with a vengeance. The party's business empire brings in more than \$50 million a year.

The communists, in their scramble for profits, use every trick which they accuse capitalists of using. They collect kickbacks from their employees. They falsify their book-keeping records. They bribe officials and businessmen. They practice wholesale tax evasion. They maintain monopolies. The Reds even accept subsidies from an anti-communist government.

Biggest producer of money for Italy's profit-conscious communists is a chain of foreign-trade concerns. Nearly all of Italy's trade—legal and illegal—with Russia and her satellites passes through this monopoly. Italian industrialists find that they

cannot trade with a communist country unless they deal, directly or indirectly, with the communist companies in Italy.

The experience of a textile manufacturer in Milan is typical. He arranged to exchange \$300,000 worth of textiles for East German porcelain. At the last minute, East German officials notified him that the deal required approval of a communist trading company in Italy, which charged a 2½% fee to approve the deal.

Smuggling also is arranged by Italian communist concerns—for a profit. Export of strategic products to communist countries is prohibited, but the Red businessmen ship them to a Western country, and the goods are then transshipped at a free port, such as Amsterdam, to a communist port. Again, the communist fee is 2½%. Altogether, it is estimated by trade experts, the

Italian Communist party collects approximately \$20 million a year from its foreign trade.

The Italian government several years ago tried to break up the communist trade monopoly. A government-sponsored concern was set up to handle all Italian trade with Red China, and the government issued a blacklist of communist concerns which were to be denied export and import licenses.

The communists, however, balked the government's effort. They infiltrated the government's trading concern with friends, who got them licenses for trade with Red China. They induced Italian clients to obtain the licenses needed for East European trade. They also found friends in government ministries who would arrange "doctored" documents to be used in smuggling.

Agricultural "cooperatives" contribute heavily to communist coffers. Italian cooperatives are required by law to be nonprofit organizations. However, the communists, by keeping two sets of books, manage to divert a presumably large amount of profits into the party treasury.

Political power is used by the communists to turn illegal profits. Communists control approximately 1,400 of the 8,000 local governments in Italy. Kickbacks are demanded from legitimate businessmen who seek to do business with a communist-controlled city government. The Red formula is: no kickback, no business.

Tax-collection rackets are another source of communist profit. In Italy, many communities, rather than maintain a tax bureau at big expense, contract with special agencies to collect certain taxes. Communists have organized several such agencies jointly with non-communists. Towns with communist governments give their tax business to these agencies—and the communists illegally channel a substantial part of the collections into their own war chests.

Trade unions also are used to swell the communist coffers. The practice is facilitated by the fact that communists control Italy's biggest trade-union federation. Here are some examples of how unions are used.

When the communist-dominated union at a big slaughterhouse scheduled a strike, the Communist party ordered the strike canceled. The reason was that taxes levied on all cattle brought into the slaughterhouse were collected by a private agency in which the communists participated. The strike would have cut heavily into Red income.

Printers who worked for the Red newspaper *L'Unita* and other communist publications were required to kick back 25% of their pay to the communist owners. Recently the government forced the communists to stop the kickbacks. So the communists fired 25 printers, to reduce overhead.

In Genoa, the communists bought up 10% of the stock of the streetcar

company. The communists offered to sell their shares to the city at a big profit, but anti-communist officials blocked the deal.

So the communists distributed part of the shares they own to employees of the streetcar company who belong to a communist-dominated union. The workers were told that when the communists win control of Genoa, the stock will be bought by the city at a price that will give the workers, and the Communist party, a healthy profit.

Subsidies from Italy's procapitalist, anti-communist government are another important source of revenue. The communist-dominated union receives more than \$800,000 each year from the government under a postwar law to encourage trade unions. Communist motion-picture companies also receive subsidies for producing documentary films, while communist-owned theaters receive additional subsidies for showing Italian-made films.

The deficit operation of Italy's Red capitalists is the communist chain of newspapers and magazines, which is the biggest in the country. But communists don't worry about this loss of several million dollars a year.

The loss is covered by the profits from other communist enterprises,

and the publications are important political weapons.

The communists and the fellow-traveling Socialists, who depend on communist financing, publish 13 of the nation's 98 daily newspapers, with a circulation of 14.4% of the nation's total. In addition, they publish 105 weeklies, 35 biweeklies, 37 monthlies, 13 bimonthlies, two quarterlies, and 50 other publications that appear irregularly. None of these publications carries paid advertising, and all, ostensibly, rely entirely on sales for revenue. But few, if any, pay their way.

Red publications are losing circulation as well as money. *L'Unita* has lost 25% of its subscribers in two years—from 435,000 to 318,000 daily—enough to put out of business any American newspaper.

Now, despite the losses, the communists are building a big, new printing plant in Rome to print *L'Unita* and other Red publications. The \$1.5 million this plant will cost is coming from other communist enterprises.

Thus do the communists operate throughout Italy. The business practices they denounce as the worst aspects of capitalism are used to pile up big profits for the party. Then they use the profits to finance the destruction of capitalism.

In a republic the votes of the vicious and the stupid count. In any other system, on the other hand, the vicious and the stupid might run the show.

Boston *Globe*

By Adolph Schalk
*Condensed from "Jubilee"**

The Spirit of Karl Adam

The author of "The Spirit of Catholicism" says that mankind must find unity in Christ

BR. KARL ADAM is one of the great theologians of modern times. In the U.S., the German priest-philosopher is best known for such books as *The Spirit of Catholicism*, which treats of the essence of Catholic belief; *Christ, Our Brother*; and *One and Holy*, a controversial essay which raises the question of the possibility of reunion between Catholics and Protestants.

At 80, Karl Adam is a short, burly man with a full, broad face crowned with a bush of snow-white hair. In spite of his small stature he reminds one of an austere, snow-capped mountain. But his personality has more in common with a warm and fertile valley. This contrast is apparent in his writings, too: he is unyielding where dogma is involved, warm and compassionate wherever he is concerned with purely human values.

Dr. Adam is still mentally agile. Although he complains of failing



eyesight, he refuses to wear glasses. He suffers much from deafness, but does not use a hearing aid. A visitor must sometimes shout into his left ear while he obligingly cups a hand behind it.

His presence radiates joy. His eyes sparkle; he smiles on the slightest provocation. His buoyant spirit is reflected even in his clothes, which are anything but conservative. He wears stylish brown suede shoes with sponge-rubber soles, salt-and-pepper tweed trousers and vest, a dapper smoking jacket, striped shirt, and gaudy bow tie. For special reasons some priests are permitted freedom in their attire, mainly because clerical clothing still tends to arouse old antipathies. (Msgr. Romano Guardini, Adam's former pupil, for example, wears a dark tie

*377 4th Ave., New York City 16. June, 1956. © 1956 by the A.M.D.G. Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

instead of a Roman collar, and a gray hat.)

Before going to see Dr. Adam, I had briefed myself on his writings. Through all of them runs a single theme. From his less-known works, such as *Tertullian's Conception of the Church* and *The Eucharistic Teaching of St. Augustine*, to the later books that have made him world-famous, the question he asks is this: where can mankind find the principle of unity it is seeking so desperately? And, since he has been preoccupied from the beginning with the Mystical Body of Christ, Adam's reply is always: in Christ and in His Church.

Dr. Adam's interest in the problem of Church unity had not begun suddenly, I knew, but had grown slowly through the years. He was born in Bavaria in 1876, one of ten children. After studying philosophy and theology at the seminary of Regensburg, he received his doctorate from the University of Munich in 1901. He had been ordained a priest the year before. He spent the following two years doing parish work, but his scholarly bent soon drew him to specialize in the history of dogma, and his reputation spread over Europe and beyond.

He became a professor of theology at Munich in 1915, and two years later assumed the chair of moral theology at Strasbourg. Then in 1919 he went to the University of Tübingen to take over the chair of dogmatic theology. His lectures

there brought him world-wide fame.

"Although I was already keenly conscious of tensions between Catholics and Protestants," he told me, "it was at the Evangelical center of Tübingen that my real education in learning how to live with Protestants began, since I was thrown constantly into the company of Lutheran theologians. We got along because we had to. This influence contributed much to my thinking and writing in later years."

A strong liberal current was sweeping through German Protestantism in 1934. It came dangerously close to atheism, and was welcomed by the Nazis, because it fitted in with their efforts to weaken Catholicism. That year, in Stuttgart, Dr. Adam delivered his famous address *The Eternal Christ*, which attacked the movement and aroused the fury of Nazi officials.

Dr. Adam's life was threatened. His house was fired on by a detachment of SS troops. He fled to his

Catholicism lays its hand on every branch of knowledge, seeking everywhere the golden grains of truth, that it may adorn its sanctuary with them. . . . Therefore, the Church sets up no barrier against non-Christian culture, and no barrier against antiquity. She sets up her barrier only against sin.

From *The Spirit of Catholicism*
by Karl Adam (N.Y., Macmillan,
1929).

friend, the Bishop of Rottenburg, for protection. ("Afterwards, my students helped me dig the bullet slugs out of the walls.") For a year he was followed wherever he went, in danger of assassination at any moment.

A friend, Father Max Josef Metzger, a founder of the Una Sancta movement and one of its great leaders, used to visit Adam in those days and tell anti-nazi jokes. "I used to warn him," Adam recalled, "Josef, not so loud and not in front of everybody. Someday they will get you." He didn't listen, and the nazis finally caught up with him. He was beheaded in 1944, a 'traitor' because of his work to promote better understanding between Lutherans and Catholics."

Dr. Adam's name is synonymous in the minds of Americans with the Una Sancta movement, which seeks an ultimate union in one faith. He is only one of many leaders of the movement all over Western Germany. In nearly every city in the Federal Republic, groups of Catholics and Protestants meet regularly to explore new paths of understanding. The movement is extremely informal. It has no dues, no definite headquarters, no president, and no parliamentary organization. On the Catholic side it is carefully supervised by the bishops, who appoint theologians to watch over developments. Some groups are composed largely of lay people; in others, only priests take part.

I questioned Adam about this movement. One cannot find unity, he told me, until the great wound between Catholicism and Protestantism is healed. The task of making the Mystical Body real in the world is first of all a process of searching out new approaches toward a union of Christian faiths.

In fact, Dr. Adam continued, a new spiritual unity "is the only possible foundation for a rebuilding and rebirth of Western civilization." He shares with a great many German Lutherans and Catholics the conviction that such unity of faith is perhaps the biggest question confronting the Western world today. He urges Catholics to wake up to this task, "to pray to God with all our hearts that the truth may become manifest more and more among our best minds."

To Dr. Adam, the time is ripe for a fruitful dialogue between the two confessions, to consider the whole question of the Reformation from a fresh point of view. Two world wars, the nazi attempt to crush Christianity, and the flight of millions from communist-dominated countries have pointed up the need for "all Christians to close ranks against the assault of secularism and irreligion."

In support of his belief that the atmosphere is right for communication, Adam points to the growth of Religious Communities, including contemplative Orders, in the Lutheran church. One Lutheran Sister-

hood is especially dedicated to Mary. It has as its main purpose to atone through prayers and sacrifice for the German guilt stemming from the Nazi persecution of the Jews. He went on to describe the mounting interest among German Lutherans in Mariology, in the liturgy, and in a return to the fundamental concept of the faith held by Luther, who, Adam says, was closer to Catholicism than most present-day Lutherans have been.

One Lutheran bishop has restored the outward form of the Mass, including community singing of Gregorian chant, and many Lutheran pastors hear confessions as a matter of course. On the Catholic side, there has been the great liturgical movement, with its emphasis on more active participation of all the faithful in the Mass and in other rites and ceremonies of the Church.

Adam regards these stirrings as a mark of the Holy Spirit at work. "The future of Protestantism?" he replied to a question of mine. "That's God's affair. It's up to Him whether the West will change its course from dispersion and disintegration toward a search for unity." But, he added, if Christianity is to survive the onslaughts of rampant paganism in Western Europe and the "organized anti-Christianity lying in wait toward the East," then a genuine unity of charity, if not an immediate union of faith, is essential and urgent.

Our conversation turned then to

When God allowed great sections of the Church, containing an abundance of most noble and most valuable elements, to separate from us, He punished not them only, but also us Catholics ourselves. And this punishment, this penal permission of God, should, like all his permissions, cause us to look into ourselves and impel us to repentance.

From *The Spirit of Catholicism*
by Karl Adam.

a more direct appraisal of the inter-faith situation. "We should rejoice," Dr. Adam said, "when Protestantism is strong, for it is better for a man to be pious than impious. We need pious Protestants." He bent toward me for emphasis. "It is only when a man takes his own religion seriously that he can talk about understanding someone else's religion," and he added that we have far less to gain from an indifferent Protestant than from a fervent one.

Furthermore, Catholicism seems to thrive most where Protestantism is strong. "When I used to give talks on Church unity at Aachen, a purely Catholic area," Adam said, "the people were not interested. All too often the kind of Catholicism that prevails in that kind of community is a sleepy kind of Catholicism. The Catholics there are often lazy.

"When I was invited to talk at Essen, a Protestant city, I wondered

whether I should bother going. Having just suffered disappointment at Aachen, I felt that if Catholics weren't interested in reunion, the Protestants would be less so. But I went anyway. To my surprise, the hall in Essen was jammed; people were standing in the doorway. Furthermore, I discovered that the Catholics in this area, as in other predominantly Protestant cities like Berlin, were alive and active."

Dr. Adam believes that much can be done to soften the antagonism that exists between Catholicism and Protestantism, without minimizing the real differences in belief.

"There is a great danger," he says, "that the Catholic, convinced that he has the fullness of truth, will in the exercise of that belief fail miserably to exercise the Catholic fullness of love. Protestants, on the other hand, too often act as though the Catholic Church were still guilty of the abuses of the 16th century. Many still think they have to be careful lest Catholics stab them in the back. It is exasperating to hear the Pope referred to, even in our day, as 'the Antichrist,' and to hear the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass called a serving of idols. I am sure that if Luther had lived today, he would never have left the Church. The conditions that existed in his time have long since vanished."

Dr. Adam questioned me then about Protestant-Catholic relations in America. I told him that my own

observations had convinced me that the American approach must differ fundamentally from that in Germany.

For one thing, I said, in Germany Protestantism is almost identical with Lutheranism, while in the U.S. there are hundreds of sects to deal with. In Germany each of the two faiths has a basic set of beliefs, a dogma. Members of each group are willing to meet on a high intellectual plane to discuss these beliefs.

The presence of the *Una Sancta* movement challenges each side to read and study and hence leads to a deeper penetration into the mysteries of the Church, and to a greater mutual understanding. In America, on the other hand, where the atmosphere is much more highly charged, there is no foundation for such communication. Too often, the American Catholic wins logical arguments while losing Protestant friendships.

"For this reason," I told Dr. Adam, "some Catholic leaders in America have begun to question whether we should start off with the traditional appeal to the natural law as a basis for unity. For it is precisely in regard to the natural law that there is so much heated disagreement. Instead, some Catholics are urging a greater cooperation with Protestants in the area of charity and, in some cases, in the political sphere. Social action would seem to provide the right kind of

climate for American Catholics and Protestants to come together. This, as I see it, is perhaps the best American approach to the problem."

Dr. Adam nodded in agreement. "I am inclined to accept that," he said. "It confirms what I have heard

from other sources." And yet, he went on, what is happening in Germany may well be the inspiration for some kind of movement in America which, in a new form, may give depth to interfaith efforts in the U. S.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

A positive sign of your mental ability is your acquaintance with and your interest in words. To how many words do you hold fast?

Is your vocabulary as large as you would like it to be? If not, one of the best ways to build your stock of words is to learn some important word roots. For a comparatively small number of Greek and Latin roots enter into the make-up of many thousands of English words.

In Greek, *graphein* means to write. Of the more than 100 words built from this root (*graph*), only a dozen are listed below. Recognize them? See if you can match them with their meanings found in Column B.

Column A

1. graphite
2. lexicographer
3. cardiograph
4. choreography
5. hagiographer
6. monograph
7. graphology
8. biography
9. autobiography
10. graphic
11. bibliography
12. geographic

Column B

- a) One who writes the lives of saints.
- b) Vividly described; pertaining to writing by diagrams.
- c) Soft carbon used for writing.
- d) A written account of a person's life.
- e) An account of a person's life written by himself.
- f) Study of handwriting.
- g) Something written about one particular subject.
- h) Instrument for recording the movements of the heart.
- i) Pertaining to the description of the earth and its life.
- j) Written representation of various dance movements; the art of dancing.
- k) A writer of dictionaries.
- l) A list of writings on a subject.

(Answers on page 128)

By Robert P. Goldman
Condensed from "Parade"*

Like Your Job?

People have some surprising reasons for sticking to their daily occupational grind

DO YOU WORK hard? If you inherited \$1 million, would you keep on working? Do you feel you have a good chance to get ahead in your chosen field?

Questions such as these are vital in the life of everyone. Not long ago, the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center decided to find out the answers to them, and to many other questions about your attitudes toward everyday work situations.

For this survey SRC interviewed 1,000 people across the country, selected scientifically from every walk of life to provide an accurate cross-section of U.S. opinion.

Here are some of the SRC questions, with typical answers provided by the men interviewed. Ask yourself the questions and see how your answers stack up against those of other workers.

1. Think of the people you know. Some work hard, others don't. Why do you think some people work



much harder than other people do?

As you may have suspected, the most common answer given in reply to this question was "Money." A total of 42% of the men queried said people work hard "to get ahead, make money, become secure, or support families."

Only 6% said others work hard because they enjoy the work. Most surprising group: the 26% who said hard workers are "driven, nervous, can't help themselves" or "are just that type."

2. Now, how about yourself? Would you say that you work hard—or not very hard?

Only 65% of the subjects saw themselves as being hard workers.

*285 Madison Ave., New York City 17. June 10, 1956. © 1956 by Parade Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

The other 35% (better than one out of three) said they work "not very hard," or "steady, but not very hard."

3. What are your own reasons for working hard?

Remember, when men were asked why *other* people work hard, they gave money as the major reason. Where it concerned themselves, money took a back seat. The largest single group, 35%, explained their hard work with, "Because it is required by the job." Only 30% gave money as the primary reason.

A mere 10% said that they work hard because they enjoy their jobs and derive a feeling of accomplishment from them. And only 13% said they themselves are high-strung types who work hard because they cannot "help themselves."

4. If you were to inherit enough money to live comfortably without working, would you work anyway?

The answer to this question will surprise you. Four out of five persons (80%) said they would continue working even if they became independently wealthy. The remaining 20% said they would not.

5. Why would you work?

The answers of those who said they would continue to work were divided into "positive" and "negative" reasons. In the former category, the biggest group, 48%, said they would keep working because they "want to be occupied," or "need an interest." The next group (15%) said that working "keeps the individual healthy." Only 14% gave enjoyment of their work as the reason. The same percentage said work "justifies my existence, gives me a feeling of self-respect."

Among the negative reasons for continuing to work: "I would feel lost," "would go crazy," "would feel bored," "I'd feel useless" (83%). Four per cent said, "Work keeps you out of trouble."

6. Suppose you didn't work. Specifically, what would you miss most?

Get set for another surprise. The most frequent answer to this question was "the people I work with" or "the social contacts I make through work" (40%). The next largest group, 28%, said they would not miss anything specific. Fifteen per cent said they would miss the kind of work they do, and 9% replied, "the regular routine." Only 1% said they wouldn't miss a thing.

7. If you continued working, would you still do the kind of work you're doing now?

The Yes answers to this question totaled 59%; and 41% answered No. Of the latter group, one-half said they were now employes, but want-

LIKE YOUR JOB?

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ed to be self-employed. Only 2% of this group said they would change to an occupation offering more prestige.

8. *All things considered, are you satisfied with your job?*

Despite complaints and reservations, 82% of the people questioned said they are satisfied or very satisfied with their jobs. Under "first specific reason for satisfaction," the most frequent answer (14%) was "the amount of salary, wages, income I make." Seven per cent listed "chance to be on my own, freedom." Thirty per cent said they were satisfied, but gave no specific reason.

9. *What is the biggest reason for job dissatisfaction?*

As you might have guessed from the previous answer, money ranks first here; 27% complained of inadequate salaries. The second-largest group, 12%, listed "pressure of the work"; 9% listed "the hours"; 5% voiced dissatisfaction with their bosses.

10. *How much chance do you think you have of getting ahead in your job?*

Here, only 28% saw a "fairly good" or "very good" chance. Six per cent said there was a good chance if they "wanted to take it." But 57% said there was very little

or no chance of ever getting ahead.

Biggest reasons for optimism about promotion: the organization advances many people; the employee feels he is acquiring the right experience; the field is uncrowded.

From the foregoing questions and dozens of others, Survey Research scientists have gained a series of "definite impressions." They hope to conduct further studies to turn the impressions into conclusions.

First, most people interviewed said they were happy with their jobs. Farmers, middle-class workers, and professionals seem to be most satisfied. The "American dream" of starting your own business still thrives. In their work, the employes placed the highest premium on adequate salary, pleasant personal associations, and on freedom, that is, not being pushed around.

On the other hand, the study's findings concerning hard work are eye-openers. A century ago, most people probably would have said that you could not live the good life without working hard. "He who is most idle has the most grief" was a common saying then.

That feeling is changing. Traditional thinking is giving way to ideas like: "I don't really value hard work," "I'm forced to do it," or "A man's high-strung nature is what makes him work hard."

Meanwhile, a great many people seem to accept dull, uninteresting jobs because, without their work, they wouldn't know what to do.

Many people appear to have met their work more than half-way, not necessarily in the belief that it is rewarding, but because "we have to play along with it."

Widespread disappointment is reflected in the finding that, although about one man in four wants to be promoted, he sees no chance for promotion.

The implications of the study are

clear, say SRC researchers. Job discontent is not as widespread as was once thought. But many men have become satisfied with jobs offering less freedom and opportunity for promotion than they really want. To you, employee or employer, closing the gap between what a job offers and what a man needs poses one of the greatest challenges of American life.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

When I was studying medicine in Madras, India, I was president of the medical students' hostel. A series of thefts of money from students' rooms broke out.

We were sure that the thief must be a resident of the hostel. Suspicion soon focused on a student whom I shall call R-, who frequently cut classes to remain in the hostel. One day he was caught in the act and immediately surrounded by a ring of furious classmates.

I counseled patience and telephoned our beloved professor of anatomy, Dr. N-. When he arrived, R- was standing in a corner, humiliated and terrified. We told the professor we wished to call the police.

"How much money have you all lost?" Dr. N- asked. The total was \$200.

"I will pay it," he said. "The matter is now closed." He left the room without even casting a glance at the wretched R-.

In the course of time we all graduated and went our ways, and the incident was forgotten. Some years later I became a member of the faculty of anatomy. One day Dr. N- walked into my room beaming. "I knew he would do it!" he said, handing me a letter. It was from R-.

"I am still a man," the letter read, "because of you, Dr. N-. This is my first month's pay." Attached to the letter was a check for \$200.

The professor's keenest happiness had always come from the success of his students. For him there could be no richer reward than the knowledge that R- had not wasted the chance to redeem himself.

M.A.T.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Contributions for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By Roman Proske

*Condensed from "Lions, Tigers, and Me"**

The Stripes of the Tiger

*The world's greatest animal trainer
discovers how savage a tame
big cat can be*

I AM A TIGER tamer. I tell you it is impossible to realize the full impact of tiger nature unless you have actually experienced it yourself. Beneath his exquisite coat of yellow, black, and white beats a strong, determined, and cruel heart, nourished by savage blood. Here is nature's perfect creation for death and destruction.

The lion, in comparison, is a great bluffer. I do not say this to disparage the lion. He is immensely dangerous when enraged. But he always warns you with his roar before he attacks. The tiger is more catlike. He never utters a sound before he strikes, and when he does it is with the speed of lightning.

His behavior in the big cage is no different than it is in the jungle. There, hiding in some secret vantage point, he will spend days studying a village, observing the comings and goings of the villagers, calculating his chances for a surprise attack, familiarizing himself with every detail before he moves in for the kill.

He does the same thing in the



arena. He accepts his training, learns obedience and the meaning of authority, observes how the trainer stands and moves and talks, until the performance becomes a routine matter for him.

It is only now that his true tiger nature comes to the surface. All the time you think you have been studying him he has been studying you, learning your habits, your weaknesses, your aggressive moves, everything about you. Now, at the first opening, he is ready to strike. You sense his readiness, but when you look him in the eye he is all innocence, all guile. "What, I attack you?" he seems to say. "Whatever makes you think I would do a thing like that?" And then, the moment

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your guard is lowered, the moment you make a misstep. . . .

It is his nature. He cannot change his stripes any more than a house cat can resist catching a mouse. Not from hunger, but simply because he must catch this moving thing, must put a stop to its moving. All the time he is in his cage, prevented from exercising his natural bent, desire keeps building up in him.

A horse is led past his cage. The whole cat freezes, his muscles tense, he is ready to spring. He has learned that he cannot go through the bars and so, frustrated once more, he retreats into his cage, into himself. But the desire remains, it keeps building up and building up, until the moment comes when he can express all this pent-up, explosive force in one murderous onslaught.

Early in 1931, I purchased five young tigers. I fell in love with the striped beauties the day they were delivered to me in Warsaw, where I was performing for the Rebernigg circus with a group of lions. Thereafter, I was with them every free moment my circus work permitted. When my contract was completed, I plunged into the ordeal of training my new cast in earnest, determined to make my all-tiger act a milestone in animal training.

I put into use all the knowledge my years of experience had provided, all the love and affection I felt for these beautiful animals. And the sleek bundles of dynamite responded with all the cunning and

fury of their jungle nature. They lost their fear and distrust of me. They learned that I, too, could strike back if provoked; but that if they did not menace me, I would do nothing to harm them. I did not want them to be afraid of me; I wanted only their respect.

Days passed into months of bloody and frustrating and rewarding encounters between teacher and pupils in the big cage, until at last the new act was ready. It proved a sensation.

I went into the big cage among my tigers completely unarmed, without the aid and protection of gun or whip. (The use of a chair, so common in the average act seen in America, was unknown in Europe; we called such trainers "furniture movers.")

In addition to the standard animal-act routine, I danced with my tigers. I fed them pieces of raw meat with my bare hands. I threw them a chunk of meat and then took it away from them.

This might provoke only mild applause from the audience, who could not know how dangerous it is to take food from a wild animal. But I had the satisfaction of knowing that it was a feat immensely more difficult than teaching an animal to leap through a flaming hoop. I made a bed of four tigers and lay prostrate across their bodies while the fifth straddled my body and ate morsels of raw meat which I held between my teeth.

I know of no other trainer who has ever accomplished these feats with tigers. I had performed such tricks with lions for so many years it simply did not occur to me that I could not do the same thing with tigers. Their comparatively silent response, in such marked contrast to the angry roaring and noisy reactions of the lions, almost lulled me into believing that I was perfectly safe with them.

How wrong I was, how much I had still to learn about tigers, I found out some months later when I was performing with the Beketow circus in Budapest. I had my back turned to the largest member of the group. It's all right to do that as long as you are intensely aware that he is behind you. Dizzy with success, I forgot for a moment.

It was the moment he had been waiting for. Like a bolt from the blue, he hurled himself across the arena, flattened me on the floor, and sank his fangs into my hip. Then, grabbing me by the buttocks, he ran around the big cage, carrying me in his jaws as if I were a satchel. Now the other tigers began running after him, thinking, no doubt, they were also entitled to a piece of me.

That was not No. 1's idea. He had no intention of sharing his victim with the others. He streaked into the tunnel leading to the cages, and a quick-witted caretaker closed the door behind him, trapping the other tigers in the arena.

As my captor raced through the tunnel, my head kept banging against the bars. I was unconscious when he reached the last cage, dropped me on the floor close to the bars, and began to eat me.

Does this sound exaggerated? I once shocked a group of American reporters who were interviewing me by showing them the evidence. "Captain Proske's body," wrote one of them, "looks like devastated France."

The tiger was too busy devouring me to pay any attention to the circus director who had come running up to the cage with a loaded pistol. His bent head was pressed against the bars, and the director simply emptied his revolver into the animal's brain. The tiger leaped into the air and collapsed on top of me, catching my wounded hip and even part of his own paw in his jaws in his death agony. They had to pry open his teeth to get me out of his mouth.

I spent six months in the hospital.

We can teach wild animals tricks, but there is one trick that no trainer, living or dead, ever succeeded in teaching them, and that is how to overcome the nature that God gave them.

For you could educate a tiger until he rated the equivalent of a Ph.D. and he would still obey his inner compulsion to hunt, catch, kill. It was for this, and not for the arena, that he was created.

Alec Guinness of Britain

An actor's actor, he ranges easily from archvillainy to heroism or 'fubsiness'

BRITAIN'S ALEC GUINNESS, "the man with a thousand faces but none of his own," has charmed American movie audiences as have few foreign actors. Long familiar to the limited patronage of the small art theaters, he has now crashed the mass market, an interesting reflection of America's rising taste level.

A slight man with sloping shoulders, Guinness appears to have few of the physical attributes of a great actor. When he appeared at his first Hollywood parties, he was almost universally unrecognized by stars and producers. "I have no doubt," says a good friend, "that the number of false arrests following a circulation of his description would break all records."

His face has been variously described as a blanched almond, a no man's land, a desiccated suet pudding, or no face at all. It is long, convex, stretching between a slightly lantern jaw and placid mouth and a bald, high brow, with two puffs of flesh at the corners of the eyes. Those eyes can seem sinister,



sly, visionary, or heartily reassuring. In his physiognomy there is none of the beau-ideal regularity or bucko ruggedness which mark run-of-the-mill matinee idols. "With my face," he says wistfully, "I had to be a character actor."

On demand, Guinness can arrange his features in the dashing manner. He has played Romeo, and has to his credit what has been described as one of the most incandescent romantic portrayals in contemporary Shakespeare, the infatuated Lorenzo in *The Merchant of Venice*.

His Richard II was a classic if controversial performance, and his Dauphin, in *St. Joan*, was a monument of shrewd irresolution. His capabilities for out-and-out villainy and tragedy have been demonstrated in dozens of other stage roles, as well as by his implacably evil

*Broadway and 42nd St., New York City 36. April 16, 1956. © 1956 by Weekly Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Fagin in the film *Oliver Twist* and his mentally tortured Cardinal in *The Prisoner*.

But the role which most Guinness fans associate him with and in which he excels is that of the apparent victim of circumstances who suddenly by some quirk of fate becomes their master: the pallid clerk turned archlarcenist, the respectable householder off on a toot, the turning worm, the underdog who has his day. With a squint of his crinkly eyes and a twitch of his nose, he triumphantly brings out the mischief in what he calls "the fubsy type."

His own background may explain some of the relish he takes in livening the dull daily round. Alec was born in 1914, and raised by his mother. He spent his youth in dreary residential and resort hotels and second-rate boarding schools. At 18 he was set to making his own living at an advertising agency. This job lasted until he ordered a four-foot engraving when a four-inch one was what the agency had in mind.

From huckstering he trudged off uncertainly toward the theater. He was taken on for private lessons by actress Martita Hunt. She dismissed him as hopelessly untalented. The Old Vic theater directors told him, "You're not an actor; buzz off." Most of the other managers he approached agreed with the old Vic men.

Finally, in 1934, after months of subsisting on tea and beans and go-

ing about in rubbers and stockings to save his shoes, Guinness finally landed an assignment in a West End play, tripling as a Chinese coolie, French pirate, and British tar. Three months later Gielgud called him to play Osric in his historic production of *Hamlet*. Since then Guinness has never been unemployed except by choice.

He interrupted a thriving theatrical career in 1941 to join the navy as an ordinary seaman, earned his commission the following year, and spent the rest of the war command-

Alec Guinness was received into the Catholic Church at St. Lawrence's church, Petersfield, Hampshire, England, last March 24. His son, Matthew, 15, a student at Beaumont, a Jesuit school, became a Catholic six months before his father took the step.

Did Guinness's roles as Father Brown in *The Detective* and the Cardinal in *The Prisoner* influence his decision? "I just don't know," he says. "All I can say is that my research work for the parts certainly made me go into the subject of Catholicism a bit more than I had before."

In January, 1945, when Guinness was serving with the Royal navy, he spent a leave in Rome and was received in audience by Pope Pius XII. "I felt," he wrote to a friend, "that for the first time in my life I had seen a saint."

ing small vessels. He ferried hay and butter to the Yugoslavs. He was the first man to set foot ashore in the Sicilian invasion, thanks to a communications slipup. When the rest of the force arrived an hour later, Guinness proceeded to dress down the admiral for tardiness, which, he said, however it was viewed in the Mediterranean theater, would never be tolerated in a theater in London's West End.

A year after leaving the navy in 1945 Guinness began his film career as the witty Herbert Pocket in *Great Expectations*, a part he had already played seven years earlier in his own stage adaptation of Dickens' novel. (Guinness's dramatization of *The Brothers Karamazov* enjoyed a critical success in London in 1947; he has been toying with a film script based on Shakespeare's life, and with a screen adaptation of Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth*.)

His first film comedy, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, was a tour de force in which he undertook to play eight assorted members, male and female, of an upper-class British family who are successively murdered by a young relative aspiring to their inheritance. He brought it off with spectacular success. "I was always terrified," Guinness admits, "that the suffragette duchess would open her mouth and the admiral's voice would come out." There then followed his delightful series celebrating the triumph of the uncommon common man: *A Run for Your*

Money, *Last Holiday*, *The Lavender Hill Mob*, *The Man in the White Suit*, *The Promoter*, *The Captain's Paradise*, and *The Detective*.

To vary his dramatic diet Guinness appeared on the London stage in *Richard II*, *St. Joan*, and *The Government Inspector*, and in New York in *The Cocktail Party*. He also played Hamlet as an irascible, nasty, bearded youth. It was one of the most conspicuous flops in the recent English theater, probably the one time that the Guinness touch failed to pay off.

Just what the Guinness touch is can be a little difficult to explain. "I have none," Guinness declares. "If I could describe a character as I see it, I wouldn't have been an actor but a writer. I'm an actor because I'm incapable of expression except as an actor." "An actor's actor's actor," says Hollywood bigwig Jerry Wald.

A fellow performer, Jack Hawkins, who was Guinness's communist antagonist in *The Prisoner*, expresses the frustration of most other artists when attempting to classify him. "He's an undercover man. He's unfair to other actors because you know he's doing something really first rate but you can't say what or how."

"Guinness is not and never will be a star in the sense that Olivier is," his friend and critic Kenneth Tynan says. "Olivier ransacks the vaults of a part with a blowtorch,

crowbar, and gunpowder. Guinness, on the other hand, is the nocturnal burglar, the humble Houdini who knows the combination and therefore makes no noise. He does everything by stealth."

Guinness's stealth is compounded of a million observations, many made on stalking expeditions about London. He is capable of following an unwitting subject for miles. "You can tell an awful lot from a person's feet and back," he says, "and if you try to walk the way he's walking, you can assume his mood. My basic work is done walking or in the bath, wherever I can be alone and uninterrupted."

Guinness has a house in the dilapidated London suburb of Hammersmith (dubbed by a friend Fussy Manor) where he lives in mildly fussy style with his wife, ex-actress Merula Salaman, his 15-year-old son Matthew, two dogs, a cat, and a parrot.

This fall Alec will be scenario shopping again, in England and the U.S. "I want," he says, "to stay ahead of the trend. I don't want the time to come when people will groan 'Oh, another of those' when one of my pictures comes out. I'm always interested in something new and different." Perhaps that's part of the "Guinness touch."

• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish, Ivrea, in northern Italy, our pastor spent years pleading with the city council to erect a monument to the latest dogma concerning the Mother of God. When his enthusiasm finally persuaded them, the council, presided over by a communist mayor, did not fail to give credit where credit was due.

The monument bears the inscription, "To Mary most holy, assumed into heaven—at the expense of the municipality."

Giuseppe Musitelli.

In our parish, an elderly lady happened to be seated next to a small boy during Mass. When the collection basket was passed, she began fumbling through her cluttered purse. The little fellow nudged her.

"You take my dime," he whispered. "I can hide under the seat."

Helen Mull.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Cornelius J. Sullivan, S.S.J.
Condensed from the "Colored Harvest"*

Funeral With a White Stole

*Under the arch of the 'Gate
of Heaven' we stood in peace*

AFUNERAL PROCESSION could not be smaller: Only one car—mine. Leon, the baby's father, sits beside me. On his lap is a small box covered in white.

The blue Chevy, unaware of its delicate burden, feels the weight of its years; it leans awkwardly and groans with age. The rusty iron arch of the cemetery entrance spells out "Gate of Heaven." Slowly I steer through these most uncelestial portals.

This "heaven" leaves much to be desired. A few tombstones can be seen above the high grass and weeds. Most of the grave markers are as hidden as the bodies beneath them. Before one headstone, the grass is cut, and potted geraniums stand like proud red sentries, lonely but lovely guards over one who is not forgotten.

But I drive past the unkept plots to where red clay refuses life even to weeds. The ground shares the death it holds.

The funeral director is already



there. I see him waving to us. I come as close as possible to the small red mound of earth at his feet. I turn the key. The engine coughs once and is quiet. I put on my surplice. The white stole, not the purple nor the black one, next falls across my shoulders. This is an occasion not of sadness, but of joy.

I watch Leon's impassive face as he lifts his tiny burden. To be without feeling—is it the mark of the brave or the brute? Or the dead? His feet trace my steps around the mound of earth.

"Blessed are they whose way of life is spotless, who walk in the law of the Lord."

It was just about a year ago that Leon walked in another procession, with Lucille, the baby's mother, at his side. Though the organ had

played, it was a quiet wedding. Only a handful heard the vows pronounced. In the lives of the poor all things are small save pain.

Leon had crossed the Sabine from Louisiana a month before his bride. He found a job, a room. Then he sent for Lucille. They asked not much of life. Maybe that was their mistake.

Poverty empties more than a man's purse. It can drain his whole life. He accepts the least. He can live on what others would not keep. He learns to do without what the rest must have. Leon had grown up in the country. He had spoken Creole at home, but he tried to learn English at school. Now he can print his name. Lucille knows everything about farms, little about figures.

Leon and Lucille can offer to the city only their strength and sweat. Then their meager salaries become prey in a jungle of advertising and of credit buying. Urban life is too complicated for their simple thinking. Even now, after this hard lesson, they do not understand.

Poverty, unsought, can drain a man of dignity and of dreams. It can kill in him what is finest, destroy in him what is free. He may live in joy who embraces a life of poverty, but when poverty embraces a man it can strangle him!

I sprinkle the little grave. The open earth is like the mouth of Moloch waiting for human flesh. The funeral director lowers the casket. It fits snugly into the arid

ground. The frail body, that had been born in original sin, and that was so briefly a living temple of holiness, rests in the prairie subsoil.

"O God, Lover of holy purity, who has been pleased to call this little child to the kingdom of heaven, deal with us in like manner."

Because they needed so much so quickly, Lucille and Leon both worked. She worked too long. Soon there were bills for doctors and medicine, extra bills. When the baby was born, there was no distraught father pacing nervously along a hospital corridor; Leon had to be at his job. The birth was premature. The little boy lived just long enough to be baptized. I named him Francis—the *Poverello*.

I pick up a handful of clay, and I watch its redness smear the white box.

"Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

God's hand is so gentle. That boy in the white-covered casket died full of grace and innocence. He had known no sadness, felt no pain, shed no tears. His had been but a brief exile. Only three hours and nine minutes. Now he is *home*.

Once more my battered Chevy makes its way past the high grass and the hidden stones. Leon sits beside me; his arms now are empty. Under the arch of the "Gate of Heaven" we go. Back into the world of the living.

By William Barry Furlong
*Condensed from "Natural History"**

Get Ready for IGY



*5,000 scientists will cross-examine our world
during the International Geophysical year*

HISTORY'S MOST intensive cross-examination of nature will get under way in July of 1957. This thoughtful, well-planned grilling will last 18 months and will enlist thousands of scientists in almost 60 nations. The answers may well be the most significant discoveries in the physical sciences in the next half century.

The project: the International Geophysical year, IGY. The examiners: at least 5,000 of the world's most distinguished scientists. The field of examination: our environment.

The international impact of the geophysical year has already been demonstrated. It was the harbinger of the brief spring in the chill winter of relations between the East and West. Long before the Soviet Union or China made any comparable diplomatic overtures, they came forward to join the other nations of the world in IGY.

IGY is the wedge that is prying

open a new continent. Antarctica will bristle with a dozen bases operated by different nations during the superyear of science. IGY is also the catapult toward new frontiers in space. The U.S. and the Soviet Union have already announced that they plan to launch the first earth satellites during IGY.

Yet the meaning of IGY and the meaning of geophysics have largely eluded the public. What is geophysics? Literally, "earth science," the scientific study of our planet among the stars. Geophysics embraces a number of sciences: meteorology, the study of the weather; oceanology, the study of the seas; seismology, the study of earthquakes and the interior of the earth, and a number of others.

During IGY, some 14 sciences will be used as tools to explore our environment. They all focus on the world about us, the surface of the earth, the atmosphere, and the restless forces within the earth.

*Central Park West at 79th St., New York City 24, June, 1956. © 1956 by the American Museum of Natural History, and reprinted with permission.

Their importance? "Our environment affects our lives in a variety of ways," says Dr. Joseph Kaplan, chief of the U. S. committee on IGY, "from the clothes that we wear to the safety of air travel." The airways that carry our radio and television signals, the weather that guides our lives, the level of the water in our wells or reservoirs—all these are a part of the gigantic science of geophysics.

Great industries are built on geophysics. The petroleum industry uses seismology to find new oil fields. The shipping industry uses, or fights, the tides in every port. The airline industry uses, or fights, the weather. Construction engineers in New South Wales, Australia, are using cosmic rays to determine density and thickness of the ground above them as they dig tunnels.

The military uses of geophysics date back as far as the legend that the Greek scientist Archimedes (287-212 B.C.) used solar radiation to burn parts of the Roman fleet during one of the sieges of Syracuse. Weather helped drive Napoleon from Moscow, and more than a century later sent Hitler's armies shrinking from the gates of the Russian capital. Floods, a classic tool of warfare, were used with surprising frequency as late as the 2nd World War. Through terrestrial magnetism, American geophysicists were able to devise a method of neutralizing the Nazis' magnetic mines by looping "degaussing coils," heavy

conductors carrying currents, around the hulls of ships.

But much of our environment is still shrouded in mystery. Physically, man's vertical range on this planet is only 21 miles, from the four-mile probings of the deepest oil well to the 17-mile flight of a rocket-propelled aircraft. Scientifically, his range extends for hundreds of millions of miles. But man still faces with quiet determination many tantalizing questions: What's at the center of the earth? What makes the earth wobble? Is our climate slowly getting warmer?

Many puzzling geophysical questions have great implications: Why do the boundaries of well-surveyed lots seem to shift with the passing of years? Why do seldom-visited islands seem to wander or appear as much as a mile off their mapped positions? What makes the Gulf Stream shift? Why is the force of gravitation greater in some places than in others?

If you had a lot surveyed in eastern New York with respect to magnetic north a century ago, it would have rotated almost 6° by now. If you were navigating among the Gilbert or Marshall islands in the Pacific, you might be dismayed to discover that they weren't just where your maps said they'd be. If you are a gambler, you would probably be safe in giving odds that the 1956 Olympics will see new records in such events as the javelin throw, simply because the force of gravity

at Melbourne, Australia, is less than at Helsinki, Finland, where the Olympics were held in 1952.

The unexplained mysteries of our environment are the seeds of superstition. To the Eskimos, the northern nights are fearsome spirits playing a game like soccer with a walrus skull; in Estonian folk tales, they are weddings in the sky with sleighs and bangles and dancing lights.

All over the world, wherever science flowers, men are trying to roll back the shrouds of mystery that engulf our environment. Their investigations are as varied and daring as the human imagination. Some men are trying to find out what's at the center of the earth. Through sound waves, they hope to determine the exact composition of the earth beneath its 30-mile surface crust, to learn how much of the interior is molten and how much is solid rock.

Some men are trying to find out how much the earth is warming up, how fast its glaciers are melting, and what will happen as a result. Will all the icebergs and glaciers and the sheath of ice cloaking Antarctica melt? If so, how much will the level of the oceans rise? Will our coastal cities be flooded? Will new ports, now icebound, be opened for commerce?

Some men are trying to find out why the earth wobbles, why it shivers like a pup out of a pond, why it runs fast and slow (it has been running fast since 1910). Some of the reasons for its whimsies are known

or suspected. It runs slow in May, by about .06 second, because of changes in wind currents and ocean movements. It takes two seconds longer for a complete revolution of the earth than at the time of Christ, because of greater tidal friction. And the north and south magnetic poles wander about uncertainly, causing changes in the boundaries of property and errors in navigation.

Some men are trying to find out whether the continents move and why. One theory is that the continents are "great rafts of plains and mountains" set upon dense but plastic bases that shift, almost imperceptibly, under their great load. One aim of IGY is to make a detailed study of latitude and longitude, to check movement of continents and to pinpoint any spot on earth to within 90 feet. The present margin of error is 200 to 300 feet or more.

Some men are trying to convert the energy from the sun into large electric-power stations, or into small units that could provide refrigeration in tropical countries, as well as pumps for irrigation and other uses. At least 25 countries are now experimenting with this idea. In India, a small solar cooker can be purchased for about \$16. In Algeria, the world's largest solar oven, one that converted the center of a magnesium firebrick into molten lava within seconds, is nearing completion.

All these investigations, all geophysical experiments, have one problem in common: they recognize no

national boundaries. The winds blow and the oceans flow without regard to what nations they touch. The sun shines impartially on all. The Yangtze river floods China as implacably under the communist regime as it did under the Nationalists and for reasons arising beyond China's boundaries. Magnetic storms sweep around the earth within a minute, sending navigational instruments into small but crazy gyrations.

It has long been a problem to get enough data on an experiment when some vital phase of it is taking place somewhere else. The mail, telegraph, and radio have helped to ease the problem, but only slightly. What is needed is the simultaneous observation of geophysical phenomena all over the world, as well as the free exchange of information.

That is the reason for IGY. On a spectacular scale, observations in the 14 different fields of science will be coordinated and the information exchanged. The effort comes at a peculiarly advantageous time: solar activity during IGY will be reaching its 11-year maximum.

This is not the first attempt to organize the world's geophysical efforts. The first was made almost 75 years ago, when the first International Polar year explored the influence of the Arctic on the weather and investigated the Aurora Borealis and geomagnetism. The second attempt was made 25 years ago, in 1932-33, with the second Interna-

tional Polar year. This effort included investigation of the ionosphere, an electric blanket that shrouds the globe, and its effect on telecommunications.

"Without that knowledge, much of which we gathered in 1932-33, our telecommunications would be in a hopeless snarl," says Dr. Serge Korff, of New York university.

In 1951, the name of the project was changed from the Polar year to the International Geophysical year.

The roster of participating nations burgeoned swiftly. By the end of 1955, 46 nations had volunteered to cooperate. Some 41 of them had already outlined definite programs.

Each nation must pay for its own program. The U. S. has already appropriated \$12 million for its effort (as against only \$30 thousand in 1932-33), and this doesn't include some of the satellite research or the supply program for the Antarctic expedition. In the global total, at least \$100 million, and probably two or three times that figure, will be spent.

"Nature never refuses to answer our questions," declares Dr. Korff, "but the quality of the answer depends upon the quality of the question. To get thoughtful answers, we must ask thoughtful questions."

Nature had better prepare herself for a thorough quizzing. Never before has she been assailed with so many thoughtful questions at once as will be shot at her from all directions during the IGY.

By Howard E. Brown
Condensed from "This Is the Way to Study"*

You Can Remember

Everyone complains of his poor memory but nobody of his poor judgment

TAKE A NUMBER, say 793,495,- 124,968,213,079,371. How long would it take you to memorize it? A Polish mathematician did it in four and a half seconds, probably less time than it would take you to read the number aloud. This man, it is true, is a genius, who can add figures much faster than an adding machine.

Yet, you need not be a genius for such an accomplishment. A university student who laid no claims to genius learned to perform the same feat in even less time. Probably you wouldn't care to take the time to do as well as this. But if you work at it, you can improve your memory immensely.

In business, social relationships, and everyday affairs of life, a person with a good memory has a tremendous advantage over one who must constantly make excuses for forgetting things. Some are born with strong capacities to remember; others are less fortunate, but that doesn't mean nothing can be done



if you are prone to forgetfulness.

Mere practice in remembering numbers will not improve your memory. Neither will memorizing poetry or prose or people's names or faces. Memory itself probably cannot be developed. As with so much of our mental and physical equipment, we have to use what we have. Improvement in remembering comes from the fixing of certain habits of thought so that you use your memory to best advantage.

Remembering is like seeing. Neither the memory nor the eye improves with use, but your skill in using both can be increased greatly. How, then, do you go about it?

1. *Look sharply.* Nobody knows just what memory is, and there are some odd things about the way it works. Whatever its true nature, it works through several steps: taking in impressions through the senses; storing them up, somehow, in the

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mind; calling them back to consciousness; and recognizing them for what they are.

The first and most important rule for using this chain of processes effectively is also the simplest. Cultivate the habit of giving close attention to the thing you wish to remember. Be sure you have a clear, sharp impression of the face, name, date, or facts which you will need to know at a future time. When you hear someone complain that he "just can't remember faces," he is really trying to excuse his laziness in not paying attention to people he meets.

Attention stimulates interest, and interest is the heart of a good memory. If you wish to remember a fact, make it mean something to you. Thousands of things happen to you every day. Many of these you never consciously notice at all, and you will remember only a few of them. Which ones do you remember? Usually those which are of importance to you.

If you are being introduced to a stranger whom you are likely to meet again, be sure you have understood his name, and give careful attention to the details of his face, voice, and manner. Then ask yourself, "Why is it important to me to recognize this person the next time I meet him?"

2. *Try to see it.* Most of our thinking is done in terms of words. But words are not so easy to recall to mind as pictures are. This is probably the reason why we hear so

many people say that they can remember faces, but not the names that go with them. Very often it is possible to translate a large number of words which describe a situation into a fairly simple picture.

3. *Intend to remember.* Does it sound foolish to say that we remember better when we intend to remember than when we do not? Yet, how often have you read over a paragraph of dull material, only to find when you had finished that you had almost no notion of what you had read? You could probably have read the passage over a dozen times, in the same state of inattention, and still have been unable to repeat the sense of it.

4. *Think about it.* A fact doesn't belong to you until you have used it. It is said that a person may expect to remember about 2% of what he hears and 5% of what he sees, but it is possible for him to retain 85% of experiences in which he has taken an active, personal part. These figures are far from accurate, and scientifically they mean very little, but they do emphasize one of the most important of the principles of the art of remembering: if you want to know something thoroughly, you must do something with it!

5. *Make a logical association.* One of the most important of all aids to remembering is the habit of associating a new idea immediately with facts or ideas that are already firmly lodged in your mind. That way you revive old memories, and prevent

the new one from slipping away by anchoring it to the well-established framework of your mental world.

This practice does more than save a vast amount of hard, tedious repetition. It gradually develops a well-ordered, systematic mind, uncluttered by a host of individual facts, but stocked with ideas through which there runs a connecting thread of *meaning*, making each the instrument through which the others are recalled to consciousness.

The use of logical memory points up an important fact: the more you know about a subject, the easier it is to learn more about it. You may pay a fleeting visit to a great museum, passing through hall after hall filled with strange and wonderful things. Then you may later wonder whether your visit was really the educational experience you thought it would be. For you find that in a day or two most of the things you saw have faded from your memory.

If that is the case, there are too few pigeonholes in your mind into which the great number of new ideas you picked up can be classified. It is only when you already know much about something that you can hear a lecture or read an article about it with any great profit; for then your new information fits nicely into place, held in your memory by old facts with which the new are naturally associated.

Here is a game you can play which will do much to develop your memory. Try to memorize, in the

order in which they appear, all the large advertisements that appear in a magazine, after seeing them only once. This does not require the brain of a genius. All it takes is concentration and some practice in using the principles just mentioned. The secret is to tie together a prominent element in each advertisement so that they all will form a continuous and connected story. Make the story you invent as personal as possible, involving you, your friends, your familiar possessions.

For example, suppose that on the inside front cover of the magazine you find an advertisement for a certain make of car. You will picture an automobile, not the sleek, elegant job pictured in the magazine, but your own family car. It is standing in your driveway or in other familiar surroundings. The next advertisement is for a brand of shirts. Imagine yourself getting into the car to go to the laundry after some shirts.

On the next page you find an advertisement for dog food. You thereupon picture your pooch jumping into the car and sitting on the seat beside you. The following advertisements may deal with a new movie, tooth paste, and cameras. Now conjure up a scene in which as you drive around a corner you come upon your favorite movie actor selling tooth paste to passersby. This, you decide, deserves to be photographed. You reach for a camera.

You will surprise yourself as well

as your uninitiated friends at what a mental wizard you seem to be.

6. *Let your memory set.* Memory acts a little like an etching process. When a fact is learned, the longer you let it sink in without disturbing it, the stronger and more lasting the memory will be.

Strange to say, a great deal of learning goes on without your knowing it. As one psychologist puts it, you learn to skate in summer and to swim in winter. That is to say, after you have practiced such activities for a while, your nervous system takes over and helps you perfect your skill.

If you will steadily practice playing the piano, putting the "English" on a tennis ball, or any other skill, and then leave it entirely for a time, you will probably find when you go back to it that you have lost very little during your inactivity. You may find that, with just a little further practice, your performance is actually better than it was when you stopped practicing!

7. *Avoid mental block.* You do not use a certain group of brain cells for a particular task, a second group for another, and so on, as was once thought. Instead, large areas of your brain seem to be used in different ways to accomplish the great number of thought processes that you use in daily living. So each separate "thought pattern" tends to blot out, to some extent, all the patterns that you formed in the past. Thus, learning a new fact tends to

make you forget all the facts that you have already learned.

Isn't this rather frightening? You have to go on living and thinking, thereby tearing down old memories and making it harder to acquire new ones. But there are one or two things you can do to help this situation. 1. You can be careful about the kind of thing you learn. You can concentrate on those matters that are worth while to you, and pass up those you will have little use for. 2. You can try to learn the important things very thoroughly, for tests have proved that the more thoroughly material is learned, the more resistant it will be to interference from later learning.

A different kind of interference arises from the emotional blocking of the free flow of thought. You may have had the experience of forgetting a name you ordinarily know as well as your own. Often this happens when you are called upon for an introduction. Fear that you are going to forget, a kind of stage fright, dams up your memory.

This block can often be broken by shifting the attention for a short time to something else. If possible, you can nearly always relieve tension and anxiety by physical activity. These are emergency measures which should help you out of an occasional tight spot. But the real cure lies in the development of confidence in yourself. Never let yourself worry over the possibility of forgetting—and you won't forget.

By Fred Flowers

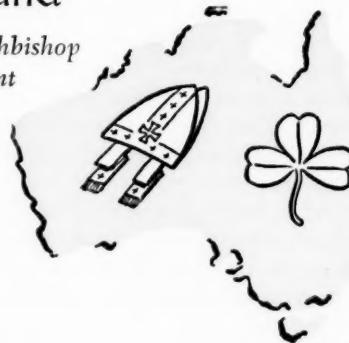
Daniel Mannix's Private War With England

The queen has praised the archbishop once arrested by her government

THE WORLD'S OLDEST active Catholic archbishop is 92-year-old Dr. Daniel Mannix, of Melbourne, Australia. A stranger observing this slender, soft-voiced prelate celebrating Mass at St. Patrick's cathedral in Melbourne, or hearing him preach, would never suspect that he was at one time an ecclesiastic firebrand, at once the most loved and most detested man in Australia. The stranger would be amazed to learn that the archbishop was once the center of a wild riot that threatened to tie up the port of New York.

It all went back to Irish-born Daniel Mannix's flaming devotion to his native land. Few Irishmen did more toward breaking England's grip on Ireland. And he carried on his campaign at long distance. From Melbourne, where he was appointed coadjutor archbishop in 1913, he kept up a barrage of closely reasoned yet impassioned argument in the cause of Irish freedom. His remarks came to be excitedly discussed wherever Irish patriots gathered.

Interest in the crusader from



"down under" soared among Irish-Americans in 1920. In that year Dr. Mannix journeyed across the U. S., bound for Ireland and Rome, giving pro-Irish lectures along the way. The San Francisco *Examiner* called him "the world's greatest democrat." Great crowds gathered to hear his speeches, in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago. In Omaha he clasped hands with Eamon De Valera, president of the Sinn Fein government. The two patriots conferred for several hours at St. Columba's missionary college.

In New York the renowned "fighting 69th" escorted Dr. Mannix through streets crowded with shouting, banner-waving Irish-Americans. About 18,000 persons crammed Madison Square Garden to hear him speak. Mayor Hylan enrolled

the archbishop among the freemen of the city. More than 500 priests, most of them graduates of Ireland's Maynooth seminary, gave him a banquet at the Hotel Astor.

Then the ominous rumors began. It was reported that the British government had decided to forbid the archbishop to land in Ireland. Nobody took the rumors seriously at first. True, Prime Minister Lloyd George had referred to Dr. Mannix's persistent demands for complete freedom for Ireland as "most mischievous utterances." But it seemed unlikely that any overt action would be taken against him.

At any rate, it looked as if the archbishop would have enough trouble in just getting aboard a ship, whatever difficulties he might encounter getting off it. He had booked passage on the English steamship *Baltic*. The cooks and stewards, most of them English, loyally threatened to strike if Archbishop Mannix were a passenger. The firemen, mostly Irish, declared that they would rest their shovels if he were not a passenger. The firemen won because they were able to muster auxiliary forces: New York's longshoremen announced that they would tie up every English vessel if the archbishop were not allowed to sail.

On the morning of the *Baltic's* departure, a dense crowd, containing both friends and enemies of the archbishop, assembled on the wharf. Police conducted the archbishop to

the *Baltic's* freight entrance, and he got aboard without disturbance. But the moment he appeared on deck, someone in the crowd booed. There followed, according to the *New York Times*, "hisses, cheers, fist fights, and the flash of revolvers. There were the milling and shouting crowd, there were the efforts of police and detectives to settle the outbreak. And, lastly, there was the archbishop himself, whose 'God bless you, men! Keep calm!' restored order."

Eamon De Valera insisted on going aboard to bid farewell to Dr. Mannix, though he risked arrest by doing so. At that time he was a man British authorities were especially eager to trap. But his supporters clustered about him until he was safely ashore again.

In a farewell message, Dr. Mannix had told Americans, "I have spoken the things that I know to be true. I have done the things that I know to be right. And I am not afraid of the consequences. I am represented in certain quarters as a promoter of strife. In fact, I am working for peace in Ireland, in the British empire, and outside the British empire. The peace that I hope for is a peace resting not on force, but on justice and the free will of the people concerned."

As the *Baltic* neared the Irish coast, Irishmen lighted bonfires of welcome on the hills. But they were not the only ones who had prepared a reception for the archbish-

op. Out of the dusk came two British destroyers. They held the *Baltic* in their searchlights until midnight, then flashed an order to heave to.

Two Scotland Yard detectives, two naval officers, and a naval guard clambered aboard from a launch. They summoned the archbishop to the captain's cabin and presented him with two documents issued under the Defense of the Realm act: a prohibition by the British commander-in-chief in Ireland, Sir Nevil Macready, against his landing there; and another prohibition by the chief of the Imperial General staff in England, Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, against his visiting Liverpool, Manchester, or Glasgow—all places with a heavy Irish population. The documents asserted that Archbishop Mannix's remarks had caused disorder in Ireland and elsewhere.

Archbishop Mannix refused to leave the *Baltic* until an officer had placed his hand on his shoulder, signifying arrest. Then he was transferred to one of the destroyers. He was released at Penzance, in Cornwall, lair of Gilbert and Sullivan's genial pirates—a detail that tickled journalists who were already licking their lips over the comic-opera aspects of the affair.

The archbishop expertly struck the Gilbert-and-Sullivan note himself in a speech at Hammersmith. "Since the Jutland battle the British navy has not scored a success comparable to the capture of the Arch-

bishop of Melbourne without the loss of a single British sailor." Around the world, delighted cartoonists reached for their pens, and went to work on the British navy.

Lloyd George admitted to Archbishop Kelly of Sydney that the prohibition orders had been ill-advised. The British government, changing its tune, practically begged the archbishop to go to Ireland—to persuade the Irish people to accept the Partition act. He refused, and after having visited France and Italy, sailed for Australia again without setting foot in his native land.

The years have not dulled the archbishop's interest in Irish affairs. He still prays for a united Ireland. "I am confident that partition will cease in Ireland someday," he says. "I am old enough to remember when it was said that Irish people were rainbow-chasing when they spoke of setting up an independent country. But it has come to pass, and now Ireland is one of the most contented nations on earth. England and Ireland will be happy neighbors when the partition barrier is removed."

Archbishop Mannix was 49 when he came to Melbourne in 1913 as coadjutor archbishop. Behind him was a brilliant career of scholarship. He had been professor of philosophy and theology at Maynooth before being appointed president of Maynooth in 1903.

He became Archbishop of Melbourne in 1917. During the 1st

World War, controversy raged around him because of his defense of the Irish rebels. He was repeatedly denounced as disloyal, for in those days Melbourne's population was overwhelmingly of English stock. Distinguished citizens petitioned the government to expel him. Even important Catholic laymen thought that he should be silenced.

In 1916 he opposed the Australian government's conscription proposals. Australian voters, though predominantly non-Catholic, followed his advice and voted No on two referendums. The press and cabinet ministers had maintained that the archbishop's opposition to conscription was treasonable. The archbishop, shrugging his shoulders, said, "The very fact that a referendum is held shows that there are two sides to the question. As authorities in other denominations have, quite within their rights, given their support to conscription, I am entitled to speak on the other side."

A St. Patrick's day procession through Melbourne in 1920 effectively answered the charges of disloyalty hurled at the archbishop. Ten thousand war veterans marched behind his car; his guard of honor was composed of 14 winners of the Victoria Cross, the British Commonwealth's highest award for valor.

Dr. Mannix is a man of paradoxes. He is a strict teetotaler, but an ardent anti-prohibitionist. He never touches wine himself, but always provides it for his guests. He has

advised Catholics to vote against prohibition, because "it promotes the worst form of drunkenness and results in lawlessness and violence."

The archbishop is also a relentless and outspoken foe of bathing-beauty contests, the secularization of Christmas, and anti-Semitism. In 1952, when the Soviet began persecuting the Jews, Archbishop Mannix said, "Like Christians, Jews believe in God, and therefore the Soviet has no room for them. I have met many Jews, and found them sympathetic toward Catholics and generous toward Catholic activities. I deplore any evidence of anti-Semitism; and I hope that Catholics will do all they can to stamp it out."

Until a few years ago Archbishop Mannix walked three miles daily between his home and St. Patrick's. Many a reporter little more than a third of his age ran out of breath trying to keep up with him. At 86, he could walk four miles in 50 minutes.

The archbishop was long a familiar figure to people along his route through the industrial suburb of Collingwood. He was a natural target for panhandlers: "Could you spare a deener (about a dime) for a cuppa tea, yer Grace?" He usually tried to grant all such requests, but more than once he had to borrow from a newsboy before he got through the district.

In Melbourne, you hear hundreds of anecdotes about Archbishop Mannix's daily walks. There is the story

about the blind man who was waiting on a corner, hoping that somebody would guide him through the traffic. The archbishop led him across the street. The man tapped his way to the corner building, and then, deeply shocked, exclaimed, "Why, *this ain't the pub!*"

"No," the archbishop replied, "the pub is on the side we came from." And he guided him back to the door.

On his 90th birthday, the man who was once put under arrest by the British government received a message of congratulation from Queen Elizabeth II. He was recently decorated by the Italian government for his work among immigrants.

He has seen Melbourne gradually change from a semi-puritanical

British community to a cosmopolitan one. The Catholic population has grown rapidly in recent years because of the postwar influx of immigrants from Catholic countries of Europe.

Alone in his library, the old archbishop wrestles with the problems involved in expanding Melbourne's Catholic-school system to take care of the rising wave of Catholic children. Sometimes, as he paces his study, he takes a ball from a vase and grips it thoughtfully. It is a baseball autographed by Babe Ruth. It was given to him by Ruth himself back in the great old days when the Babe's feats with the bat were temporarily eclipsed, in the minds of many of New York's most vigorous citizens, by Daniel Mannix's private war with England.

DUBLINERS

A nun, walking down a Dublin street, came upon two men digging an excavation. They respectfully raised their hats. As the nun acknowledged their greeting, she tripped on a broken piece of concrete, and fell. Both men ran to help her up. But one of them stopped and seized the other by the arm.

"Wait, Mike," he said. "She's holy. Don't touch her. Get your shovel."

Christian Voice (17 May '56).

The other day, in Dublin, I passed an old man in the street. Later in the afternoon I met him again, and that evening, by an extraordinary coincidence, we happened to bump into each other once more. And he said to me, chuckling, "We must be going to meet in heaven, sir," and as an afterthought he added, "When all this torment here is over."

We were strangers to each other, but that did not prevent his spinning a nice phrase, out of the gladness of his heart, especially for me.

Ulick O'Connor in the *Listener* (19 April '56).

Do Your Children Have Televisionitis?

Late viewers do poorly in school

ARE YOUR CHILDREN afflicted with televisionitis? The malady is much more common than is generally realized. Its symptoms: drowsiness and nervousness in the classroom; low grades for school work. Its cause: late-hour television watching instead of study.

A recent survey conducted in the Bradford township, Pennsylvania, school system showed a direct relationship between late-hour televi-
viewing and poor school work. The survey involved 742 pupils in grades 1 through 7. It led the researchers to four principal conclusions.

1. A shockingly large number of children are regularly staying up to watch late television shows.

2. Children who are allowed to watch late are often tired in school, and consequently show little interest in their work.

3. Many late programs create nervous tensions which carry over into the school day and prevent effective learning.

4. Uncontrolled TV watching is making it almost impossible for some children in need of remedial work to overcome their difficulties.

Teachers found that in nearly

every case, children doing poor work, who were sleepy, and who were inattentive or nervous were habitual late-hour TV watchers.

"In one lower grade, only three children were doing failing work,"



principal Albert L. Henry reports. "All three were familiar with programs being shown from 10:30 to 11 P.M. In another room, six pupils doing poor work in arithmetic were all habitual watchers of programs until 11 o'clock and later."

Mr. Henry added that some children are hurting themselves not only educationally but physically. "Health experts recommend that children have at least 10 hours rest."

To make the survey as objective as possible, teachers asked questions that would determine children's familiarity with programs telecast at various hours. The director of the survey reasoned that this would be more reliable than just asking pupils how late they stayed up to watch television. Only habitual late viewers were considered in forming conclusions.

"Of course, we realize that television is here to stay, and that children will and should watch some programs," Mr. Henry went on. "Many programs have definite educational value. But the survey indicates that there are serious health and education hazards for children who frequently stay up to watch late shows."

Many teachers were astonished at the number of pupils allowed to watch television "as late as they want to" on school nights. One 6th-grade teacher found that "one pupil has his set on until he falls asleep."

"One boy who was watching late shows dropped from B to C in reading," a 1st-grade teacher said. Referring to three pupils who watched programs after 11 p.m., a 3rd-grade teacher reported, "As a group they are easily tired and have a very short attention span. They are three of the poorest students in the room."

It was found that three out of every eight pupils watched until 9:30 p.m.; about one out of five watched until 10 o'clock; about one in every eight watched until 10:30;

and one in 20 watched until 11 o'clock.

Fifth-graders seem to be most addicted to TV, according to the survey. In the 5th grade alone, 7% of the pupils were found to be consistent watchers of television after 11 p.m.

In one 5th-grade room of 24 pupils, a dozen children watched regularly until 11 p.m.; two, after that hour. The number increased as the hours grew earlier until, between 8 and 8:30 p.m., the eyes of 22 of the 24 children were fixed on screens.

This middle-grade addiction was also evident in a similar survey conducted in Honolulu, where pupils in the 4th and 5th grades were found to be the biggest late-hour offenders, staying up to 10 or 11 p.m. The Honolulu survey showed that half of the 660 elementary-school children questioned watched television an average of three hours nightly.

The habit has fastened itself so firmly that one Honolulu mother asked a school principal not to give her son homework "because he wouldn't have time to watch TV." Another Honolulu mother even asked that her son be allowed to take an occasional nap at school because he stayed up watching late shows.

Dr. Paul A. Witty, of Northwestern university, found that here in the U. S., where sets are more numerous, elementary-school children spend more than 20 hours a week watching TV.

Dr. Witty, director of the university's psycho-educational clinic, recently summarized the findings of his six annual studies of television and its effect on children. After pointing out that excessive viewing seems to be associated with somewhat lower academic attainment, Dr. Witty added that behavior and adjustment problems from the same cause are often reported, too. Some of the problems are neglect of homework, mealtime disturbance, increased nervousness, fatigue, impoverishment of play, dislike for school, lack of enthusiasm for reading, and eyestrain.

In the Bradford-township survey,

teachers of all grades were quick to comment on the new insight the survey had given them. "It was illuminating to find that some of those who stay up the latest miss the most school," a 3rd-grade teacher said.

Mr. Henry pointed out that classes in his schools begin at 8:50 A.M., and some children are brought by school buses as early as 8 o'clock. Some of them must get up before 6:30 A.M. to catch the bus.

Pointing to the findings of the survey, he concluded, "These night owlets in front of TV sets are just not getting the rest necessary to do good school work."



KID STUFF

While sitting at the dinner table, four-year-old Mary Carole noticed with delight that my wife had changed the month on our big calendar, which is illustrated with scenes from the lives of the saints.

"Oh, Paul! Look!" she cried to her six-year-old brother.

"Where'd you get the new calendar, Mom?" Paul asked.

"That's not a new calendar, Paul," said Mary Carole disdainfully. "Mommy just switched to another channel."

Francis X. Allen.

The children had just finished watching Walt Disney's *Bear Country* on television.

"What would you do if a bear chased you while you were out in the woods?" Margie asked her brother Bill.

"I'd climb a tree," Bill said.

"But bears can climb trees, too."

"Not this tree. It would be shaking too much."

J.C.





The Smallest Army in the World

Within the Vatican, center of the Catholic Church, is a well-organized service of police and military guards. Of these, the Swiss Guards, traditional military guardians of the Holy See, comprise one of the smallest, yet one of the most notable, armies in the world. To them is assigned the personal protection of the Pontiff. The Guards were established in 1508, and their history is identified with many heroic deeds. In keeping with tradition, all are Swiss.



The Swiss Guards are the Pope's personal bodyguard. Sentries stand on guard in corridors and state rooms of the Vatican palace. Here is the changing of the guard in a courtyard.



To carry out their duties, the Guards must be fit. Physical training, close and extended order drill are all in the curriculum.



*"Eyes Right!" is the command in Belvedere courtyard.
(Below) The Guards' own salute has survived the centuries.*





The Swiss Guards are always fully armed, and have to submit to an intense course of exercises and gymnastics. They zealously cultivate football and they have rifle and bayonet practice and hand-to-hand combat drills every second day in the spacious Belvedere courtyard. Training of the corps is up to date, and their defense tactics are considered to be up to the best military standards.

The world's smallest army has 110 men and ten officers. Target practice is carried out with precision and form.



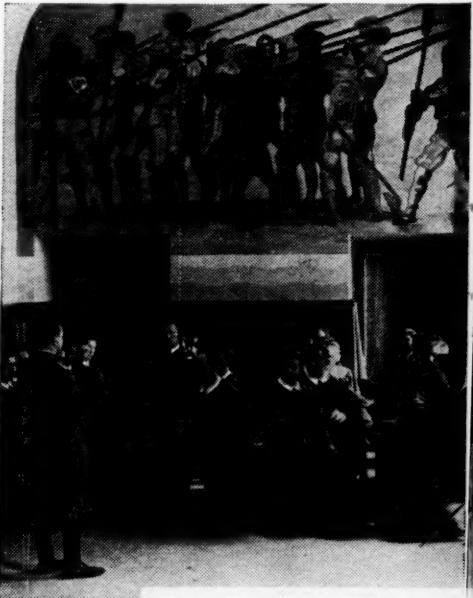


Guards' glee club at rehearsal.



They spend much time reading in their well-stocked library.

Drama and music lovers among the Guards rehearse.



The room where Guards learn defense is decorated with frescoes depicting the history of the corps.

The Guards live in a barracks at the foot of the Palace of Sixtus V. Away from duty, they make ample use of their own library, theater, sports club, and art studio. They spend their free time reading, rehearsing plays, and, for the benefit of the thousands of souvenir hunters who visit the Vatican State, producing objects of handicraft in the art studio. Music is a favorite recreation with the men, and frequently the orchestra give concerts for their own enjoyment. German, French, and Italian folk songs are especially popular. On solemn occasions, the trumpet corps appears in public.

There are several good violinists in the orchestra.





Each Guard has his own armor. Although seldom used, it is polished daily.

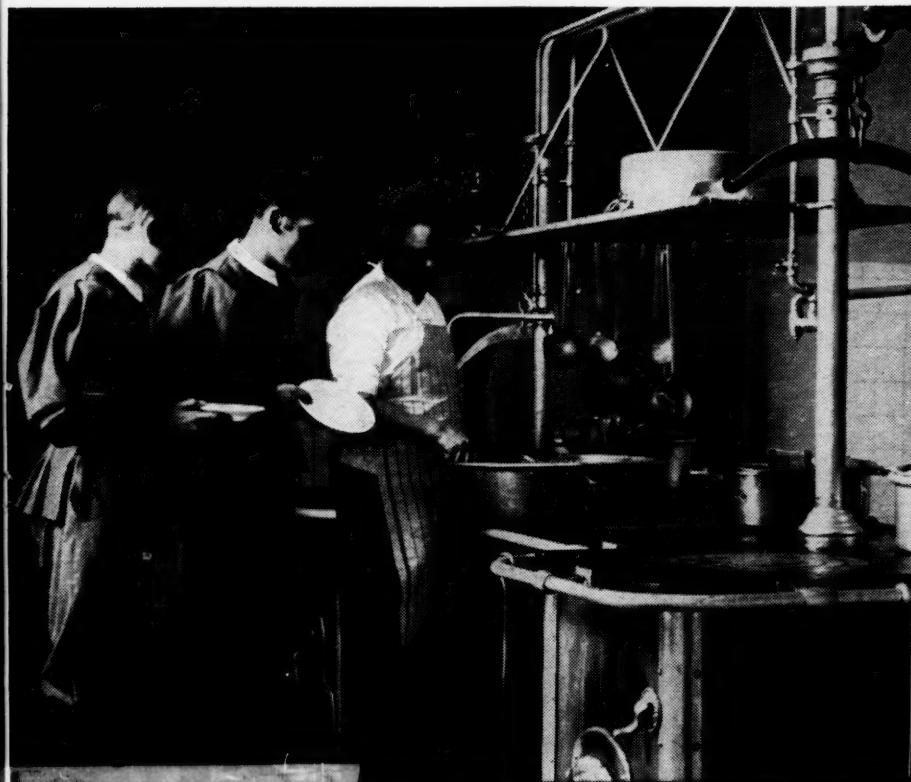


Today's most picturesque soldier, the Swiss Guard wears a uniform designed by Michelangelo. His gala uniform for special occasions consists of plumed helmet, armor coat, and traditional staff.

The religious and moral background of each applicant for the Guards is thoroughly scrutinized. Duties include being on guard at all pontifical functions. When the Pope is carried on the *sedia gestatoria*, he is accompanied by six Swiss Guards. Blue, red, and yellow are the colors of their flag, which is engraved with the Swiss shield and the shield of the Holy See.

Absolute fidelity to the ancient papal residence and its Pontiff is the record of the Swiss Guards. In 1906 a coin was struck to commemorate the army's 4th centenary. The Holy Father's personal escort is regarded with affection and esteem by the faithful everywhere.

Guards eat heartily. Their Swiss cook prepares Swiss food.



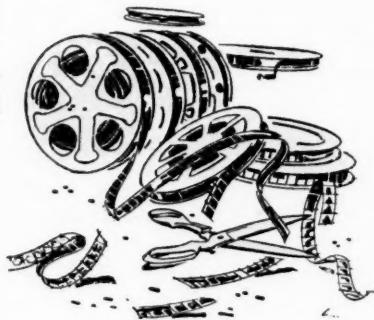
By Samuel James Larsen
*Condensed from the "Home Messenger"***

The Stroke of the Blue Pencil

The censor doesn't hamper art, but he is often guilty of ignoring true artistry

CENSORSHIP has been called many unkind things, mostly by artists whose work has come under the ax. "Artistic suppression," "tyranny," "moralistic impudence," and "organized intolerance" are a few of the more printable epithets. Even those who admit the necessity for censorship are often puzzled by the free publicity that censors sometimes give bad films that otherwise would have died at the box office. A condemned motion picture often draws more of a crowd than its merits seem to warrant. People lined up for blocks to see *The Outlaw*, only to admit later that it was one of the dullest forbidden pleasures on record.

Censorship is not new. It has been with us for a long time. The censor of today, however, is pathetically lenient compared with his classical counterpart. The ancient Greek dramatist had to be careful not merely of his morals, but also of his theology, politics, and poetic



form. He had to be playwright, poet, philosopher, theologian, and politician all rolled into one. In old Athens, Roy Rogers would not have lasted two reels; as soon as he poked the villain on the jaw, he would have been tossed out of the theater, and probably out of the city. Violence, no matter how mild, was not permitted on the Greek stage; all murders, battles, fights, and bloodshed were committed out of sight.

Yet, in this atmosphere of "artistic suppression," Greece was able to produce the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Menander. Those dramas, written to comply with the rigid code of their day, have nevertheless been an inspiration to dramatists the world over for more than 2,000 years.

By way of contrast, Rome had no censorship at all. The result was a theater that catered to unparalleled

*St. Paul Monastery, Canfield, Ohio. August, 1955. © 1955 by the Society of St. Paul, and reprinted with permission.

license and brutality. Acts of seduction were not merely simulated, but were performed. When a script called for a man to die, a man was actually killed—condemned criminals were sometimes given a choice of death by torture or of relatively merciful extinction on the stage. Despite such inducements, Roman drama was never popular. The only Roman playwrights to survive the centuries were those who copied the Greek masters; they had little inspiration and added nothing new.

Most objections to censorship as such come from those who wish to produce something really censorable. The producer wishes freedom to produce what he calls art, but he decries the freedom of the censor who calls it trash. He demands freedom of expression for himself, but would deny it to the censor. He says, in effect, "Censorship is undemocratic; therefore censorship must be censored."

Some objections to censorship, however, are more weighty. They are based on the blunders of which censors are sometimes guilty. George Bernard Shaw devoted about two-thirds of a lengthy preface to *Mrs. Warren's Profession* to a witty and well-reasoned attack on the inanities of censorship. The Lord Chamberlain had refused a license to his play for nine years because it was about prostitution. Shaw claimed, and with justice, that immoral plays are approved by censors, whereas his drama of rigid morality was banned.

Popular plays wherein the poor young girl is forced by circumstances into a glamorous life of sin are passed by the censor as long as she is either dead or married at the end of the third act, "death and marriage being coequal to the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays."

In *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, Shaw pictured prostitution as a business that brought material profit to a few at the cost of disease, degradation, and death to many. He showed it as unglamorous, foul, and immoral; and he did this without portraying a single scarlet lady or a single bedchamber. The popular plays on the subject were pretty, but untrue; Shaw's play was true but unpretty. The censor, therefore, valued prettiness above truth.

A few years ago, a southern state banned an MGM musical until a song by Lena Horne was eliminated. Both song and picture were harmless, but the censor feared that Miss Horne, being a Negro, would sully the fair flower of white purity. This was an incident expressive of local prejudice, but it did harm to the cause of censorship in general.

Another such incident was the action of the New York censors in banning a scene from Walt Disney's *The Vanishing Prairie* because the birth of a buffalo calf was shown. The decision was hastily withdrawn when the national horse laugh became a bit too obvious. (The Legion of Decency rating

on this film was "Morally unobjectionable for everyone.")

Moral irresponsibility in films led to the need for a responsible code of censorship. In the same way, cases of irresponsible censorship have led to a dangerous attempt at abolishing the censor. This does not mean to imply that all anticensor movements are fought for idealism, nor that all censorship is devoted to morality. But there are two points of view, and there are honest men who follow each.

The main argument against censorship is, oddly enough, the one argument that holds least weight: that a particular censorship code is out of date. If this were true, it would be an argument for revising that code, not for eliminating it. The argument would be correct for a code based on custom, but wrong for a code based on the moral law. Custom is subject to change; the moral law is not.

The least used but most reasonable of all anticensor arguments is that censorship is sometimes administered by shortsighted men, and thereby becomes a hindrance to honest art. This is quite true, for censorship has, at times, been placed in the hands of the overly zealous fool. The fact that this is the exception rather than the rule does not negate the force of the argument.

At the same time, it is not a reason to abolish censorship in general. True enough, the artist should

have some protection against ill-considered judgments. Yet it is equally true that the public should be protected against the production of offensive and immoral art.

The most sane solution would be for artist and censor to realize that their aims are the same. They need not work in opposition, for the good censor and good artist both demand identical things in a work of art. It is the purpose of art to re-create the good, the true, and the beautiful. The censor calls this morality, and the artist, integrity. Both are the same.

The most damaging thing that can be said of censorship has, to my knowledge, never been said. Censorship does not hinder artistic expression; rather, it ignores it. About 75% of the films rated as "Morally unobjectionable" might also be listed as "Morally inane." Not only do they lack that which is bad, they are also short on that which is good. The censor is ever ready to deal a blow to the head, but never a pat on the back.

It is a moral necessity to condemn evil; it is also a moral necessity to encourage good. And, if any other reason is needed, it is also a practical necessity. Immoral films are not produced out of a grand passion for evil, but out of a burning desire for profit; by effectively reducing the potential profit, the censor has reduced the production of sensational trash. But good films would be made more often and

more consistently if assured greater financial success.

The present ratings of the Legion of Decency are good as far as they go. They would be better if another category were added: a list of recommended films. Movie-going Catholics could then be urged to give active support to recommended pictures, on both the family and the club level. The Knights of Columbus, Holy Name societies, young people's clubs—all would be asked to participate. This is one sphere of Catholic Action that would tend to raise the present level of entertainment.

In Philadelphia, Archbishop John F. O'Hara recently was responsible for launching a positive program similar to the one just outlined.

Under leadership of Msgr. John J. McKenna, a vigilance committee was formed to support worth-while books and films. For this purpose, they are guided by the classifications of the National Legion of Decency and the National Organization for Decent Literature. The Philadelphia program is one which other American cities would do well to imitate.

But in the final analysis, it is the censor himself who must initiate and maintain such a program. The negative form of censorship is valuable and will always be needed, but positive censorship is required as well. If the moral law is certain enough to allow the censor to judge that which is bad, it should enable him to praise that which is good.



IT'S A GIFT!

A Hollywood producer was determined to give his mother a birthday present that would outshine the luxurious gifts his brothers were giving her.

He read about an amazing mynah bird, which had a vocabulary of 4,000 words drawn from several languages and could sing three operatic arias. He immediately bought the bird for \$50,000 and sent it to his mother.

The day after her birthday he telephoned. "What did you think of the bird, mother?" he asked eagerly.

"Delicious!" she said.

Marty McIntyre in *The Union* (15 June '56).

"I'm sorry, Fred, that you don't like your gift," said Aunt Emma to her nephew. "But I did ask you, you know, whether you preferred a large or a small check."

"But how was I to know," Fred protested, "that you were talking about neckties?"

Harold Helfer.

By J. J. Casserly
Condensed from the "Ave Maria"*

The Voice in the Mountains

*A priest and UNESCO are
bringing the three R's to
Colombians by means of
the fourth R, radio*

A FEW YEARS ago, a young priest named Father José Joaquin Salcedo arrived in a forgotten hamlet high in the Andes mountains of Colombia. The priest began his duties as assistant pastor at the parish of Sutatenza, in the lost valley of the Tenza, 87 miles from Bogotá. At that time, the village had a population of 80, nearly all poor farmers.

Father Salcedo began his first ministry with a driving urge to improve the lot of Colombia's *campesinos*, those who scrape their livelihood from the farmlands strewn on the dizzy heights of the mountain slopes. The young priest was a dreamer. And his dreams were wrapped up in a radio transmitter. Fellow seminarians had called him the Don Quixote of Radio.

Many of Father Salcedo's parishioners had never even seen a radio. Certainly, most could not own one, or ever hope to own one. The



mountaineers lived within windowless walls. Father Salcedo called these homes "antihygienic fortresses." Alcoholism was common. There were few diversions except taverns. The young priest believed from the beginning that there was no point in preaching sermons against drinking places. Instead, he would compete with them, through radio.

Father Salcedo unpacked his transmitter. He called in three seminarians. Then, quietly, he sent them into the mountains with burros carrying three battery-powered receivers. "The Don Quixote of Radio" was out to conquer the giant Andes, the ridges straddling the low farmlands like great saddles, and to reach into the hearts of hamlets that were cut off from civilization.

*2400 N. Eddy Road, Notre Dame, Ind. April 21, 1956. © 1956 by the Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.

From the village of Sutatenza, the priest talked to the seminarians over his short-wave transmitter. They experimented with distance, height, and natural barriers to transmission. When the seminarians returned to the mountain village, Father Salcedo knew exactly where his signals could be heard.

Little by little, Father Salcedo gathered money. Finally he had \$2,000, enough to buy a 250-watt transmitter from U. S. Army surplus stock. He kept his old transmitter, but the new sender would permit him to reach into 15 villages, and now he was working on buying enough receivers for those hamlets.

Early in 1949, four-tube receiver sets had been scattered in villages and homes across the mountain parish. The priest who put them there now explained his plan. He was going to broadcast an educational program once a week.

No one knows how many rounds of laughter this announcement caused in the taverns. But there was one frank admission: this was something new!

The voice of the priest became familiar across the mountainous parish, reaching out to 9,000 listeners. And even those in the saloons listened, each in secret from his fellows. Over the ridges came Father Salcedo's voice, week after week, with lessons in reading and arithmetic, high up into the almost inaccessible valleys of the Andes.

In these villages only one grown

man in three could read or write. Teachers had never found their way there. Father Salcedo was talking to people whose vision extended only as high as their sheep could graze.

But soon all Colombia wanted to know more about this man and his radio in the mountains. And the priest's vision reached across the sea. The United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) became interested, and investigated. Their report: "Probably the most fantastic experiment in adult education in the world." UNESCO decided to help.

The priest stepped up his programming to a daily schedule. More receivers were sent out to even more remote districts.

The Colombian government then stepped into the field. Father Salcedo, in addition to reading and arithmetic, began teaching farmers better methods of plowing. The government now backs the teaching-by-radio technique with \$800,000 a year. The operation was transformed into a project called *Acción Cultural Popular* (the Popular Cultural Movement).

The station's daily broadcasts now reach 200,000 people. Father Salcedo has moved his office from Sutatenza to Bogotá. *Acción Cultural Popular* now occupies most of the 7th floor of Bogotá's biggest office building. There the priest continues to direct his radio work.

Father Salcedo now does little actual broadcasting. He organizes

the work of priests and other specialists who broadcast lessons six hours a day to classes in radio schools scattered over 12 of Colombia's 16 districts. The radio schools are served by 6,000 specially built receivers, and 10,000 more are on the way. Attendance at the home schools is expected to soar to over a million listeners in the near future.

The programs, however, still go on the air from Sutatenza. But they are now carried by a 25-kilowatt transmitter, the most powerful in Colombia. The receiving sets used in the radio classrooms are simple battery-powered short-wave models manufactured for *Acción Cultural Popular*. They can be tuned to only one station, Radio Sutatenza. This precaution is taken to preserve the life of their batteries. *Acción Cultural Popular* sells a set and its batteries to a radio school at cost price, about \$18.

Each school receives a free supply of chalk, an eraser, a blackboard, and textbooks. Each also gets an alarm clock—to make sure pupils won't be late for classes. The house of the most educated villager is always chosen for the classroom. Its owner is given the title of *Auxiliar Inmediato* (the Immediate Auxiliary). He never refuses the assignment, because it is a great local honor.

The immediate auxiliary calls roll; then, when school begins, he turns on the radio. He writes lessons on the blackboard, according

to instructions given him by the unseen radio teacher.

Programs begin at 5:50 A.M. This first class lasts an hour and 25 minutes. Depending on the day of the week, it consists of these various classes: reading and writing; religion and civics; history and hygiene. A news broadcast follows each lesson. The dawn program is recorded on tape, and repeated twice in the afternoon for women and men who might have missed the morning class.

In the evening, Radio Sutatenza is on the air from 6:15 to 9. But school is over. The evening brings music, both classical and popular, news, variety shows, and talks on religion. There also are half-hour dramas based on history, science, travel in Colombia, farming.

The introduction of contour plowing in the Andes has been one major goal of the radio campaign. The vertical furrows in the mountains, little more than spillways for rain, are slowly beginning to disappear.

The priest's program has so excited the authorities to its possibilities for mass rural education that the government has placed its top farm economist in charge of programs aimed at those living on the land. The government is now lending farmers \$14 million a year to help them buy seeds and equipment, and wants to make sure the money isn't going down the drain.

Acción Cultural Popular is also a publishing house. ACP prints a

monthly bulletin for its radio schools as well as educational pamphlets, to help those who learn their first lessons by radio to continue their education.

UNESCO experts give technical assistance. Two of these experts are Catholic Brothers, one from Spain and the other from France. They are Brother Fulgencio and Brother Idinael, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. They are producing a series of 44 posters to be run off 10,000 copies each. These posters are beginning to be distributed to the radio schools as aids in teaching reading and writing.

The 44 posters cover six months of lessons, the time needed to teach an adult how to read and write with a 25-minute daily lesson over the radio. Once the literacy course is finished, the Brothers will continue with a series in mathematics and

others in agriculture and hygiene.

When the phenomenal growth of his idea is mentioned to Father Salcedo, he says, "Any work which meets a basic need of the people must grow in direct proportion to this need. Here, it is the need of 7 million people in a country of 12 million for literacy and general culture. It is not surprising that the number of pupils in the radio schools has risen."

A recent United Nations report calls attention to the fact that "most human beings are hungry most of the time. Half the people of the world have yet to be taught how to read and write. The same number of persons are constantly ill." That situation is a perpetual challenge to mankind. It is encouraging to see that persons like Father Salcedo and organizations like UNESCO are responding to the challenge.



Thriving, hiving suburbs.
Theodore Maynard

Quick as a hiccup. Virginia Earle

Birds throwing their hearts at the sky,
Oscar Hammerstein

Sparrows chit-chatting over a telephone line. Sister Francis Paula, S.S.J.
Breeze tiptoeing across a field.

Alma R. Higbee
Housework: love made visible.

Jennie I. Rountree
Boy brushing his teeth with an ear of corn.

LeRoy J. Hebert
Moon silver-plating the snowdrifts.

Maureen Daly

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Non-Catholics are invited to submit questions about the Church. Write us; we will have your question answered. If your question is selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to: Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: I would like to know about praying to the saints. In the Roman Catholic Church, praying to a saint is just the same as praying to Jesus or to God. By praying to a saint, I understand, you pray to the soul of a pious person who lived in this world, died, and whose mortal body perished but whose immortal soul lives.

We believe that God is omnipresent. We pray to Him in any place; He is there to hear the prayer. Do you mean to say that the soul of a pious person is omnipresent? Is this attribute of God applicable to every pious soul canonized as a saint by the R. C. Church? In other words, is every saint of the R. C. Church omnipresent? Unless this is so, how can all the prayers offered to them simultaneously, in different places, say America, Italy, India, China,

and Japan be heard by them at the same time?

Do the saints of the R. C. Church accept the prayers of the Protestants? When Protestants pray to them for spiritual guidance or cure or mitigation of bodily ailments, are those prayers accepted, like those of the R. Catholics?

Is this praying to the saints taught by Jesus anywhere? While Jesus says, "Come unto Me, follow Me, I am the way, ask in my name," etc., He never points to anyone as a mediator. How did this belief creep into the Roman Catholic Church and become so popular while it is unknown in the Protestant Church?

S. Victor David.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

The Catholic practice of praying to the saints is just as simple as your asking your best friend to pray for you, but you make it seem complicated. That is because you share several misconceptions which are quite common outside the Church. Therefore, in answering your letter, I think the first thing we should do is clear away the errors, so that we may have unencumbered space to establish our basis of understanding.

1. Praying to the saints is not at all the same as praying to Jesus or to God. We adore God as our creator; saints are creatures, like ourselves. We admit our total dependence on God, ask Him for divine protection and fatherly help, for grace and the means of salvation; we tell Him of our sorrow for our sins, because we love Him as the Supreme Goodness, and have offended Him; we ask his forgiveness. We don't say any of those things to the saints when we pray to them. When we pray to God we express our complete faith in Him, because He is Truth itself; we may reverence and admire the teachings of the saints, but we are critical and selective.

Jesus is God, and all the prayers we say to God in his divine nature we say also to Jesus in his human nature. In addition, we express our faith in his divinity; we savor and return the love which He has shown us by his human life and his death on the cross. We accept his revelation of divine truth on his own authority; we ask Him for the grace to live by his teaching and example; we greet Him as our Redeemer, ask all favors through Him as our only Mediator, adore Him in his sacramental presence on the altar, salute Him as Man and God on the throne of heaven.

None of these things enter into our prayers to the saints. To adore them would be silly and sinful. The most they can do for us right now

is to pray for us, and that is exactly what we ask them to do. The example of their holy lives may inspire us, and in some things we may imitate them, but they are not the Way, the Truth, and the Life. They simply followed in the same wake we are trailing.

We never ask a saint to give us grace or forgive our sins. The only thing divine in them is the grace God gave them and the glory they share with Him. In our prayers to them we salute them as friends whom we love and revere; they plodded our own weary way before us, and some of them deviated from it, even as you and I. Because of their courage, sacrifice, and goodness they are our heroes, and still our close friends in Christ. We ask them to pray to Him for us. Simply that.

2. We do not mean to say that the soul of a pious person is omnipresent. This unique attribute of God is not applicable to any saint, whether canonized or not. The soul in heaven is a spirit and it probably has great agility; to be more accurate, we should say that it is independent of space. But it could never, by its own power, be in position to hear two prayers uttered simultaneously in America and Japan, or even in Minneapolis and St. Paul. A saint hears our prayers through God, who hears them everywhere at once by his divine power and presence, and transmits them without distortion.

3. The saints in heaven don't belong to the R.C. Church. They graduated from membership at the time of their death. They belong to the Church Triumphant; Jesus Christ is the head of that Church also, and they are united to Him even more closely than we are. There is no prejudice among them—only charity. They are ready to hear the prayers of anyone—Protestant, Jew, or Moslem—who speaks to them in a sincere and friendly manner. Even by earthly standards we would consider it rude and impolite to ignore the earnest words of an honest friend. Heavenly standards are higher.

4. Neither Catholics nor Protestants should expect miraculous cures for the asking. You can't put a saint on the spot by demanding a miracle. The best he can do is to pray to God for us, and He in his wisdom will then decide what is best for us and for the world at large.

5. We have no words of Jesus Himself telling us to pray to the saints. But He does tell us that the angels take an interest in us: "So it is, I tell you with the angels of God; there is joy among them over one sinner who repents" (Luke 15, 10). And He tells us that little children "have their own angels in heaven" (Matt. 18, 10).

If the angels, who are creatures of a different order entirely, are concerned with the affairs of men, may we not presume that the saints,

who are our brothers by nature and by grace, show interest too in their fellow men still on earth? If communication is possible between men and angels, it should be doubly easy between us and the saints. The angels never used an earthly language; some of the saints even spoke English.

6. Your final question is asked in reverse. In point of time and history it doesn't make sense. What you mean to ask is this: "How did this belief creep out of the Protestant churches and become so unpopular, after it had been the common belief and popular practice of all Christians for 15 centuries?"

The Catholic doctrine of the intercession of the saints was stated by the Council of Trent: the saints in heaven do pray to God for us. So it is good and useful for us to ask their prayers. And any help they obtain for us will be through our Lord Jesus Christ, who is our only Redeemer and Saviour.

These three simple statements express the entire doctrine. The council added nothing except to condemn the prevalent errors of that day—and this. It called impious the thoughts of those who: 1. deny that the saints are to be invoked; 2. claim that saints do not pray for men; 3. say that it is idolatry to ask the saints to pray for us; and 4. assert that it is contrary to the word of God and a dishonor to the one Mediator, Jesus Christ, to pray to his saints.

The Bible frequently advises us to pray for one another, and to ask the prayers of our friends. St. James says, "Pray for one another, for the healing of your souls" (5,16), and St. Paul asks the Romans, "Give me the help of your prayers to God on my behalf" (15,30).

Surely you believe that the saints in heaven are united to us by close spiritual bonds. They share the life of Christ, in his glory. We share the life of Christ, by his grace. We are both intimately united with Him, and through Him our union embraces each other. We are members of Christ, members of the Communion of Saints.

Surely you believe that the saints in heaven are alive and alert, interested in God and his creation, interested in Christ and his brethren, interested in their own fellow men stumbling along the path they once trod. Surely you believe that it is easily possible for God to let them know what happens in the world. And surely you believe that these live, alert, interested beings can express to God their interests and wishes. A heaven without facilities of communication would be a poorer place than earth.

We ask our friends on earth to pray for us; why not ask our friends in heaven? Angels pray for us (Zach. 1, 12); why can't the saints do it? Certainly the saints love us, for the sake of Christ, who loved us first. Certainly the saints can expect a favorable hearing with

God, whom they loved intensely and served faithfully, and for whom they sacrificed heroically. Is it then unreasonable to expect that they might put in an occasional good word for us with the Almighty, to whom they are so close?

For simple logical reasons like these, Christians, from the very beginning, have prayed to the saints and paid them honor. Many of the early Fathers of the Church give testimony to this belief and practice. St. Jerome sums it up beautifully: "If Apostles and martyrs, while they are still in the flesh and need care for themselves, can pray for others, how much more will they pray for others after they have won their crowns, their victories, and their triumphs? One man, Moses, obtains God's pardon for 600,000 armed men, and Stephen prays for his persecutors. When they are with Christ will they be less powerful? St. Paul says that 276 souls were granted to his prayers, while they were in the ship with him. Shall he close his lips after death, and not utter a syllable for those who have believed in his Gospel throughout the world?" (*Adv. Vigil.*, 6).

St. Augustine tells us that Faustus, the Manichean, accused the Christians of his day of idolatry because they honored the memory of the martyrs. "The accusation is not worthy of reply," wrote the saint (*Contra Faustum*, 1.20, c.21). He then explained that the Chris-

tians honored the martyrs so that they might imitate their virtues, share in their merits, and be helped by their prayers. Altars are built at their shrines, but the altars are built to God, and on them sacrifice is offered to God. No bishop standing at the altar would think of offering Sacrifice to Peter, or Paul, or Cyprian. We venerate the martyrs as we would venerate holy men of God in this life, but with greater devotion and confidence, because they have gained their victory, while those in this life are still striving for it.

So you see, Victor, that by the end of the 4th century this belief

had crept thoroughly into Christian devotion, and was already widely popular. It remained so for 1,000 years before the Reformers, imitating Faustus, the Manichean, again called it idolatry. They banned prayers to the saints, insisting that prayers be said to God alone. The result is simply that fewer prayers are said. Before, God was honored through his saints; now his honor is much neglected.

By praying to the saints we get acquainted with those who will be our friends and companions forever, in union with Jesus Christ, by whose grace and merits we hope to join them.

REVERSE THE CHARGES, PLEASE

Just as the presses were about to run off 3 million copies of Theodore Roosevelt's 1912 convention speech, the New York publisher made an alarming discovery. Someone had neglected to obtain permission to use the accompanying photographs of Roosevelt and his running mate, Governor Hiram Johnson of California.

The copyright law put the penalty for such oversights at \$1 per copy.

The publisher explained the predicament to the chairman of the campaign committee. The chairman was equal to the situation. He called in his secretary and dictated a telegram to the Chicago studio that had taken the pictures:

"Planning to issue 3 million copies Roosevelt speech with pictures Roosevelt and Johnson on cover. Great publicity opportunity for photographers. What will you pay us to use your photographs?"

In less than an hour a reply was on the chairman's desk: "Appreciate opportunity, but can pay only \$250."

Ten minutes later the presses were rolling, and the chairman had sent another message to the photo firm.

"Ridiculous offer for such an advertisement," it read, "but being pressed for time, we accept."

Pen (May '55).



the Open Door

As one of the projectionists for the premiere showing in Minneapolis of the Martin Luther film, I

wondered what good could be accomplished by this biased production. Being forced to see it twice a day for two days drove me to review history.

I discovered that more than a little fiction had gone into what is otherwise a technically beautiful production.

My next step was to visit Father James Coleman in Minneapolis, who had no trouble in ushering me through the Open Door of the Catholic Church. I would be glad to hear from others who came into the Church as a result of this film. Rudy Peterson.

THE WOMAN entered the train, loaded with bundles and a precious newborn son. Dejection mingled with her joy as she gazed upon the baby after laying him on the seat in front of her.

Her thoughts traveled ahead to her husband and the 12 other children at home on the farm, three of them adopted. They—but only they—would greet her and the 13th newcomer with great excitement. Friends and relatives had long since given up trying to limit this family: jests, advice, then plain disgust. If only *someone* could see a large family as the adventure it is.

Exclamations of admiration distracted her. Two sweet-faced nuns were bending over her infant. The mother's heart responded, and soon she told them about her other children and their loving father.

The nuns' words of tender concern were words to make one go on. "My, you're going to have a great many stars in your crown." This was a new experience. Someone did think a big family was right and good. The mother's head went just a little higher.

That night, mother and dad talked about the kindness of two nuns. Could the Sisters ever guess that their words were the beginning of the interest of this large family in joining the Catholic fold? I know this story is true, for I am that mother.

Mrs. JoAnn Alwin.

FATHER ARISTIDES MACRY, S.J., the famous canonist of Mangalore seminary in India, was converted through his hobby: music. His entire family, Photian schismatics, had a strong passion for music, but Aristides was nicknamed the "music maniac."

The desire to listen to celebrated organists like Widor, Gigout, Franck, and others took young Aristides to Catholic churches. While music was the attraction, he listened also to the sermons, first for the eloquence and later for the doctrine.

At length, he was received into the Church by a famous preacher, Father Allix.

A. Santhosh.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

By John P. Brennan*

James Healy, Our First Negro Bishop

He conquered prejudice by patience, charity, and zeal



IN PORTLAND, Me., the bishop was hearing Confessions. A woman has told how, as a girl, she paused in the middle of her Confession. "I can't tell you the rest of my sins," she quavered. "It's something I said against you, Bishop."

She hesitated, and then blurted, "I said you are as black as the devil." The bishop restrained his amusement. "You may say that your bishop is as black as coal, or as black as the ace of spades," he said gently. "But don't say that he's as black as the devil."

The bishop was James Augustine Healy, the first Negro ever chosen to be a Catholic bishop in the U. S. He was the Bishop of Portland, Maine, from 1875 to 1900.

Incidents like the one involving the girl were frequent in his career. A young boy, who a long time later told about it, once confessed to him that he had called the bishop a "nigger." With disarming directness the bishop asked, "Is there anything

wrong with being a nigger?" The boy gulped, "No, Bishop."

For a Negro (he was a mulatto) there were bound to be problems in 19th-century America. Most of the problems Bishop Healy met in the same quiet, matter-of-fact way. Several years before he came to Portland as its bishop, Father Healy visited the diocese. He annoyed one parish priest by teaching catechism to some children without the priest's permission. The priest spoke out publicly against the intruder, and made an unkind reference to his "indelicate blood." When Healy became his new bishop, the pastor shamefacedly resigned his parish. Bishop Healy at once restored the man to his pastorate.

James Healy was born in Georgia in 1830. His father, Michael Healy, was a fallen-away Catholic who had come to Georgia from Ireland in 1816. Starting with small land hold-

ings, Michael Healy increased his plantation to more than 3,000 acres of cotton land. He bought several slaves.

In 1829 Michael married Mary Eliza, a Negro slave girl from Georgia. They had ten children. Although Mary Eliza was Michael's lawful wife, other plantation owners considered her only his concubine. Once Healy was out fishing with some of his neighbors. "Why don't you settle down and get a *real* wife?" one man demanded. The others, too, intimated that they would never accept the woman as their equal. Healy furiously ordered them off his property.

When his first child, James, was of school age, Michael Healy sent him to the North. James' brothers Hugh and Patrick followed. Only one school would accept the Negro children, the Quaker school in Flushing, N.Y. The boys studied there, and later attended the Quaker school in Burlington, N.J.

In 1844, Michael transferred his three boys to the newly opened Holy Cross college in Worcester, Mass., at the persuasion of Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston. A fourth brother also came to Holy Cross.

The first thing the Jesuits of Holy Cross did was to instruct the boys in the Catholic faith, something their father had neglected. The four boys were baptized on Nov. 14, 1844.

James mixed well with the other college men, though maintaining a

slight reserve. He was just a trifle afraid that his family background would be held against him, as it had been by the boys in the Quaker schools. Fortunately, Holy Cross had a cosmopolitan atmosphere. Several students were from South America and Latin Europe. Among these foreign-born students the dark skin of the Healy boys was not so noticeable.

James first thought of the priesthood during his years at Holy Cross. Obstacles stood in his way. Even after his father had assured him of the validity of his marriage to James' mother, the problem of color remained. James wanted to be a Jesuit, but the Jesuit novitiate was located in Maryland, a slave state. James finally chose the diocese of Boston at the invitation of his friend, Bishop Fitzpatrick.

Healy was graduated first in his class in 1849, and entered the Sulpician seminary in Montreal. He later transferred to the Sulpician seminary in Paris, and was ordained a priest in Notre Dame cathedral in June, 1852.

The return to Boston was a crisis in his life. He was a little frightened. Would the people of a parish attend a Mass offered by a Colored priest? Would they receive Holy Communion from his hands? Would they accept a Negro as their spiritual guide?

He quelled his fears. People might hesitate to accept a Negro, he told himself, but they would not

permanently reject a good priest, whatever his race. He would prove himself to be a good priest; his color would take care of itself.

He was right. Bishop Fitzpatrick made James his secretary. The post brought him into contact with all the clergy of the diocese and with many of the laity. Almost all accepted him. James gained confidence. He ignored the few taunts hurled at him.

As the years went on, Father Healy assumed more of the burden of administering the diocese of Boston. Bishop Fitzpatrick was declining in health. In 1866, Father Healy became pastor of a large Boston parish. By 1874 his reputation had reached Rome. When the Massachusetts legislature was debating whether or not they should tax Church property, the Negro priest appeared at a committee meeting and defended the Church's right to exemption. The power and logic of his argument saved the diocese from a formidable tax burden. Soon afterward, he began to be mentioned in connection with a bishopric. And in 1875, James Healy became the first Negro bishop of the U.S.

The diocese of Portland, Me., to which Healy was appointed, could hardly be called an ecclesiastical plum in the 1870's. Most of its Catholics were poor Irish immigrants and French-Canadians, who couldn't contribute much to the Church. The Indian missions of

northern Maine were Bishop Healy's responsibility, too.

The bishop was resourceful with the sparse funds at his command. He somehow managed to establish orphan asylums, homes for the aged, hospitals, schools.

He chose Portland rather than Boston for his consecration so that his own flock could attend. Shortly afterwards, he made his first visitation throughout the diocese. Where there were no railroads he traveled by stagecoach.

At the cathedral, he took his turn preaching and hearing confessions. The poor of the parish knew him well, for he often stopped in at their homes with groceries. He started a boys' choir. He would often stop children in their play to question them about catechism. He would give candy or holy cards to those who knew the answers.

Most of his parishioners returned his affection and loyalty, but a few made no effort to conceal their prejudice. He faced the problem with patience and charity, and avoided controversy.

The last ten years of his life were marked by continual poor health. But he stuck to his job. When he celebrated the silver jubilee of his consecration in June, 1900, the Holy Father named him an assistant to the Papal throne. Two months later, he died. Three archbishops, five bishops, and 150 priests attended the funeral of America's first Negro bishop.

By U. S. Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Condensed from "The New Leader"*

Why the United Nations Should Bar Red China

*A murderer is not normally
invited to judge murder cases*

THE COMMUNISTS have tried to foster the belief that all those in the U. S. who oppose admitting communist China to the UN, and who favor strengthening our Nationalist Chinese allies, are lunatic-fringe reactionaries, conservatives, or members of the nebulous "China lobby," and represent a tiny minority of American opinion. Unfortunately, many people among our allies and in our own country have fallen for this line.

For this reason, among others, I became a member of the Committee of One Million, a group organized to mobilize American opinion against the admission of Communist China to the U.N. It includes 24 senators of both parties, 97 congressmen of both parties, nine governors of both parties, eight former ambassadors, and one former secretary of state (Gen. George C. Marshall). More than 1,037,000 Americans signed the committee's petition against admitting Red China. In addition, every major national labor, fraternal, vet-

erans', and civic organization has endorsed the petition or its purpose. This is hardly a tiny minority of American public opinion.

To further give the lie to communist propaganda, I would like to recall that Congress has adopted *four* unanimous resolutions opposing admission of communist China to the UN. One need only consult back newspaper files to find categorical statements to the same effect by practically every American leader, including Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. Opposition to the Peiping regime is the considered opinion of the great majority of all Americans. It is based on realism plus morality rather than mere theoretical idealism.

To present the basis of our opposition, let me cite the first clause of Article IV of the UN Charter: "Membership in the United Nations is open to all peace-loving states which accept the obligations contained in the present Charter and which, in the judgment of the or-

*7 E. 15th St., New York City 3, June 11, 1956. © 1956 by the American Labor Conference on International Affairs, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

ganization, are able and willing to carry out these obligations."

I believe that this particular article was framed with the history of the League of Nations in mind. I was in Italy in 1935 when the league was struggling with the question of whether effective sanctions could be invoked against Italy because of its invasion of Ethiopia. At that time, it was quite apparent that the league had bogged down as an agency for collective security, because it had among its members nations which were not peace-loving but aggressive.

I think it was this experience which caused the UN Charter to be drafted so that membership was limited to "peace-loving" countries. This clearly means that the UN was not meant to be universal and that it should not embrace aggressors.

It is true that the original UN admitted a number of communist nations, including Russia, which since have thoroughly indicated that they are aggressive. Because of the veto power held by members of the Security council, it is not now possible to expel these members. But should we add to their strength by admitting more nations which, by their record, are clearly aggressive and have indicated no real desire to change?

It is quite plain that Red China stimulated the original invasion of South Korea, in June, 1950, and gave effective aid to the North Ko-

reans throughout the war. Red China invaded North Korea in October and November, 1950, before her own borders were transgressed. But the invader was never invaded during the entire course of that "police action."

There is no question that Red China has been, and is, an aggressive agency in Southeast Asia. It supplied the communist armies in northern Indo-China. It is inciting subversion among the overseas Chinese in Malaya and elsewhere. Peiping has completely failed to live up to its commitments under the Korean armistice agreement. It has violated every rule of civilized warfare by torturing and brainwashing soldiers who were captured. Nor has it returned all the prisoners; hundreds of young Americans are still unaccounted for, somewhere behind the Bamboo Curtain.

The Chinese communists' record in international affairs is sufficient in itself to bar them from a seat in the United Nations, for they have violated every principle of its Charter. But the Peiping regime has also violated every precept in the UN Declaration on Human Rights. In a recent official report, made by Secretary-General Hammarskjold to the 21st session of the United Nations Economic and Social council, documented facts were cited showing communist China's inhumanity to its own people. The Peiping regime has literally enslaved 25 million Chinese—perhaps the greatest slave-

labor force in modern times, exceeding even that in the Soviet Union. This regime, which promised the Chinese people peace and plenty, not only presses its subjects into slavery in their own country, but according to the UN report, exports slaves to European communist countries as payment for weapons and ammunition. The report estimates that 1.5 million Chinese have been shipped to Eastern Europe to work as slaves.

In view of these facts, I can see no ethical justification for admitting Red China to the United Nations. A footpad is not normally escorted to the bench and asked to judge burglary and assault cases.

What would be the practical effect of admitting Red China to the United Nations? It would give that regime desperately needed prestige in Asia. It would be a bitter blow to the morale of those Asian peoples willing to resist the spread of communism. Admission to the UN would give Peiping respectability and imply that communist China was now in effect recognized by the free world. If the strong non-communist nations yield on this, why should we expect small young nations like Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Indonesia, and Burma to stand fast? A UN seat for Red China would mean the beginning of the end for Asia. It would weaken nations like the Philippines, which have been opposing Peiping, and it would strengthen the countries sym-

pathetic to Peiping. It would establish Red China as the leading power in Asia.

To my mind, that would be a disaster. If the communists take Asia, communist strength everywhere will be enormously increased, especially in Europe. Despite all wishful thinking, it is not possible to divorce Europe from Asia. The view that the new nations in Asia are tiny, out-of-the-way places with which Europeans have no concern is ill-founded. Just as the Europeans, when they faced the nazi onslaught, called on the U. S. to abandon isolationism, so we must now call on Europe to abandon isolationism before the communist onslaught.

Under what conditions then, if any, could Red China be admitted to the United Nations? I would insist that the test for admission be actual performance and not mere promises. The communists can make all sorts of promises, but the test is whether they are willing to abide by them. And, while I believe in the doctrine of repentance and forgiveness, repentance should be proved by atonement and concrete performance for a decent period of time before the guilty person or nation is accepted into civilized company.

There is a powerful and able group in this country working for the admission of communist China to the UN. Many of those who think that Red China should win a UN seat do so with the best of motives. I am not criticizing their

motives, but I hold these men and women to be desperately wrong.

Appeasement of tyranny never pays off. Those urging the admission of the Red China regime to the United Nations do not represent the majority of the American people. I do not think that our people will ever sacrifice morality and decency to expediency. When every one of the soldiers, civilians, missionaries,

and businessmen still held captive in Red China is returned to freedom, when the 25 million Chinese slave laborers are freed, and when the Chinese people have the opportunity to choose the kind of government they want in free elections supervised by truly neutral nations, then and only then should Red China be considered for membership in the UN.



CRACKS IN THE IRON CURTAIN

Three workers who had been thrown into an East German prison were comparing notes.

"Why are you in jail?" the first one asked.

"For sabotage. I was five minutes late at the factory. And you?"

"I am under suspicion of espionage. I arrived five minutes early."

"And I am here," the third one said, "because I was punctual. They concluded that I must have bought my watch in West Germany."

K.V.



The leader of a Soviet archaeological expedition breathlessly telephoned Moscow: "Glorious triumph for the Soviet Union!" he exclaimed. "We have uncovered a civilization that goes back to the days of Genghis Khan."

"Not good enough," was the curt reply. "Find Genghis Khan himself."

The expedition party set to work again. Some weeks later, the leader made another call to Moscow. "We've done it!" he cried. "We've found Genghis Khan."

"That's fine," replied the official. "Are you sure it's really Genghis Khan?"

"Absolutely. He's confessed."

J.T.G.



In the Russian zone of Berlin the door of a parrot's cage was accidentally left open and the bird escaped.

The owner immediately inserted an advertisement in the local paper. "If anyone finds my parrot," it read, "I wish it to be definitely understood that I do not share the bird's political opinions."

Ohio Motorist (April '56).

By Aubrey B. Haines
Condensed from the "Apostle"**

Alicia Alonso: Brave Ballerina

*When tragedy struck, her
faith was a lamp to her feet*

ATINY, SUPREMELY graceful brunette alighted from a plane at Havana airport. As she did so, Cuba's national police band struck up the Cuban national anthem, and shouts of "Viva Alicia Alonso" burst from the crowd. It was a typical homecoming for one of the island's favorite daughters.

Alicia Alonso is the first Latin American to win international fame as a classic ballerina. She is generally regarded as one of the three greatest ballerinas in the world. But the love and admiration of her countrymen is a tribute not just to her accomplishments as an artist, but to her courage and faith in the face of a personal tragedy that almost destroyed her career.

Alicia was born 33 years ago in Havana, the youngest of four children of Antonio and Ernestina Martinez. The family lived in a large house in the stylish Vedado section of town. The children had many friends, and the house was filled with laughter and song. Alicia's father, an army lieutenant,



enjoyed good fun, but he had a rigid regard for the proprieties. Mrs. Martinez, having stage ambitions for her daughter, had to conspire against him. Alicia had been dancing professionally for a year before her mother gently broke the news to her father.

The lieutenant was probably not bowled over by the news, for he had been aware of his daughter's talents since she was a small child. "Mama used to put me in a room with a scarf and a phonograph," Alicia recalls. "That kept me quiet for hours, doing what I thought was dancing."

The little girl didn't see any expert dancing until, at the age of eight, she went with her father to Spain. She gives her grandfather a great share of credit for her introduction to the art. "My grandfather wished my sister and me to learn the Spanish dances and bring them

back to show him. He had run away from Spain as a young man, and he was lonely for Spanish things. We learned Flamenco dancing and the use of castanets."

Another conspirator against her father was a likeable, handsome young football player named Fernando Alonso, who married Alicia in 1937, when she was 15 and had just finished her sophomore year in high school. Theirs had been a neighborhood romance, stimulated by the Cuban custom of early marriage. Alicia and Fernando had danced together in classes at the *Sociedad Pro Arte* School of Ballet in Havana.

The young couple came to New York. Fernando started out in business, but renounced it for ballet. Soon a baby daughter was born. Then both parents resolved to study dancing seriously. They attended two ballet schools in New York, and later appeared in two musical comedies, *Great Lady* and *Stars in Your Eyes*. Bored with the type of dancing they were doing, they asked to join the chorus of the Ballet theater when it was founded in 1939.

Alicia sent their first notices home to her mother. "When mama read them, she burst into tears—not because the reviews were bad, but because they were so good," she recalls. When at last Mrs. Martinez showed them to her long-suffering husband, he shrugged, smiled, and carried them off to thrust them

proudly under the noses of his fellow officers.

But this initial triumph was a prelude to misfortune. Soon after joining the Ballet theater, Alicia began to notice that she often bumped into things and was not certain where her partner would be during some of her intricate movements. Once she complained to Fernando about it. They began testing how far they could see to the side when looking straight ahead.

Alicia found that, instead of seeing in a semicircle as people with normal vision do, she saw in a triangular pattern. A physician's examination revealed that she had detachment of the retina. "This was especially tragic to me," she says, "because a ballerina learns with her eyes, watching other people dance."

Then surgery began. Two operations, performed in New York, traced the difficulty to her tonsils, which were removed. Back in Havana, Alicia underwent her third and most crucial operation.

This, however, was only the beginning. The doctor told her that she had only one chance to get well. For an entire year she must lie in bed, completely still, with eyes bandaged. She must not move, cry, nor laugh. At the end of the year she might be able to see well enough to perform simple household tasks. But the doctor doubted that she would ever dance again.

Lying alone in a room in her family's home, Alicia realized that

here was a real test of her faith. She had been a faithful Catholic all her life, had repeated the words "Thy will be done" every time she said her prayers. Would she have the strength to say those words—and mean them—now?

"It was such torture for me to be still," she recalls, "feeling my muscles lose their power, realizing that I was gaining weight and becoming flabby."

She was not even supposed to see her daughter Laura, for it was feared that the youngster might disturb her. Sometimes, however, she allowed the little girl to creep in, and mother and daughter played together. On other occasions Alicia's mother would read to her, but usually Alicia was alone with her thoughts. She had to come face to face with herself and her future.

She found that under the shock of the disaster her faith had sent down even deeper roots. And out of faith grew determination.

"I realized that dancing must still be the most important part of my life," she says. "I had lived for it always. I could not give it up."

So, flat on her back, the young dancer began to visualize ballet for the first time as the audience sees it. "I saw all the steps that I had done," she remembers, "and how often I had done them wrong. I danced in my mind, and Fernando showed me my mistakes." When in the evening he came to see her, she would show him with her fingers

the dance she was practicing, and he would correct any errors. Blinded, motionless, she taught herself to dance *Giselle*. How thoroughly she achieved the task is revealed by a critic who called her "the reigning *Giselle* of the present day."

"It is my favorite role now," Alicia remarks; "because, I suppose, I learned it under such impossible conditions." When the year of seclusion ended, Alicia's troubles were not over. Afraid that she might once more jar loose her retina, the doctor still forbade her to practice dancing. But not only did she still have to guard her eyes; she also had to learn to walk again.

More days and weeks passed, and Alicia resolved that she had been obedient long enough. She pretended to take walks with the Martinez' great Dane. In reality, she visited a ballet studio two blocks from her home for daily practice.

"How long that would have gone on, I don't know," she says. "But an accident happened, which I sometimes think must have been an act of God."

A Caribbean hurricane howled down upon Havana. Alicia ran to the patio to get the dog, which had recently given birth to puppies. A strong gust blew the glass out of the door from which she had just come, and the splinters hit her on the back of the head. She fell screaming on top of the dogs. Fernando rushed out to find her lying bleeding on the pavement.

An examination by the doctor revealed that the blow had done her retina no harm. "If your eyes can withstand such a shock, you can dance again," he told her. She cabled the Ballet theater that she was ready to return. Back she went as a soloist. She arrived in New York with her head still bandaged.

For a while, her vision continued to interfere with her dancing. Remembering the doctor's warning to keep her head erect and her gaze straight forward, she tried to compensate in her shoulders and chin, and the tension was noticeable. However, she soon conquered the fault, and eventually got her chance to dance *Giselle* when Alicia Markova, at that time prima ballerina of the company, became ill.

"When I was asked if I could do it, I said, 'Of course,'" Alicia recalls. "For a moment I really thought that I had danced *Giselle* on the stage, I knew it so well. Yet the only way I had danced it was with my fingers when I was sick."

Her performance was a triumph. "It would be foolish to say that I wasn't thrilled," she laughs. "I don't think that there's anything like the thrill you get when the audience cheers and claps for you."

Her eye trouble forced Alicia to develop unusual powers of memory. She learned the complicated role of Lizzie Borden, the murderer in *Fall River Legend*, in seven days. When Nora Kaye, without an understudy in *Lilac Garden*, contract-

ed virus pneumonia the day before she was to open the Ballet theater's 1948 season, Alicia came dramatically to the rescue. Only twice before had she performed the role, and that had been six years previously. She used her supper hour to refresh her memory. Four hours after the frantic telephone call asking her to help out, she danced Miss Kaye's complicated part without any mistakes.

A noted critic once said of her, "She is never the ballerina with a great role to play. She loses herself in the characterization itself." At the outset, some critics had predicted that her lack of a Russian name would be a drawback. But, unlike Alicia Markova (born Alice Marks in England) Mrs. Alonso kept her own name and made the public like it. When in London's Covent Garden in 1946 she competed with French and English *Giselles* dancing in other theaters the same evening, she won top honors from the British press.

During a season, Alicia appears in one or two ballets eight times a week. "We work all the time with sprains bandaged up, and we're always afraid of tearing a ligament or breaking a bone," she says. Once when Mrs. Alonso played a Halloween game with her troupe, she had to pay a forfeit of kissing her toe. The result was that she threw her knee out of joint; the treasurer of the Ballet theater was hysterical.

Sometimes Alicia will lose as

much as two pounds in a single performance. She must regain this lost weight before the next show, a difficult thing for one as active as she. Most of her life is a journey from one dressing room to another, living out of trunks, eating after-show suppers, boarding trains late at night. Sometimes the company and the property man fail to coordinate. One night in Buenos Aires, after coming in from Chile, Alicia had to perform in street clothing. She took 47 curtain calls!

Everything that she interprets, from the angelic Giselle to the depraved *maja* in *Circo de España*, and from the silly little girl in *La Fille Mal Gardée* to the tortured Lizzie Borden in *Fall River Legend*, is marked by her keen theatrical craftsmanship. Unlike many dancers, she does not just learn a role and then give it a dash of personal flavoring. She takes each role step by step, probing its ideas, analyzing its gestures, integrating everything.

Like most dancers, however, Alicia sticks to an intensely rigorous schedule. From October to May she makes a series of one-night stands in cities throughout the U. S. and Canada. During the summer she tours the Continent with the same company or flies home to tour with her own troupe.

When in 1948 it looked as if the Ballet theater might have to suspend operation, Alicia formed the *Academia Nacional de Ballet Alicia*

Alonso in Havana. Alicia's old school loaned its scenery and costumes. Transportation was purchased with money from the advance sale of seats for two Havana engagements. With Alicia's husband as president of the organization and her brother Alberto as artistic director, the group won a partial subsidy from the Cuban ministry of education.

Today the company conducts one of the leading Latin-American schools of dance. Although it has occasionally featured dancers from the Ballet theater, the *corps de ballet* and the principals are now almost entirely Cuban. The company made its first European tour in 1954.

Alicia seldom drinks and never smokes. She must eat a thick steak at least once a day. "It costs money to keep up my weight," she says.

At home she takes time now and then to watch Fernando's movies of her dancing. She is a perfectionist, and is usually upset by the movies. "I go crazy," she says. "Everything is wrong. My feet are bad. My head is not in line with my body. I run to rehearsal right away."

The struggling young ballet student may see the life of a ballerina as a blend of fame, wealth, and glamour. But Alicia says that "to dance, you have to like it very much, and live with it always. It's mostly just work. As with everything else in life, you just have to be born to it. I'm proud that I was born a ballerina."

By Roman Dombrowski
Condensed from
"Mussolini: Twilight and Fall"*

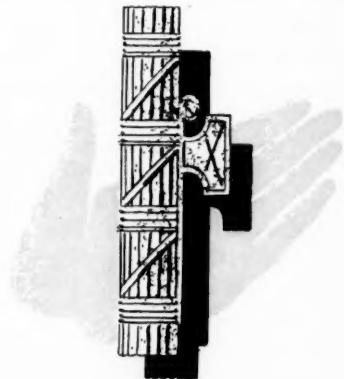
Last Victims of Mussolini

In the twilight of his reign, the dictator turned on his friends but he brought them to God!

IN 1936, Benito Mussolini, fascist dictator of Italy, was at the zenith of his power. His conquest of Ethiopia, though a hollow victory at which the world mocked, moved millions of Italians to follow him blindly, believing that he would soon restore to Italy the glories of the Roman empire. With his posings and struttings; his speeches from balconies to enthusiastic cries of "Duce! Duce!"; his well-meant schemes to raise poverty-ridden Italy to the forefront of nations, he flared across the European sky like a comet.

By 1943, Mussolini was perhaps the most hated man in Italy. The "Cradle of Empire" was fast losing a war of which most Italians had wished no part. The empire was gone; Allied armies threatened the soil of Italy itself; Italian armies were held hostage by the German "ally."

To meet this crisis, Mussolini



called an emergency meeting of his most trusted advisers, the fascist Grand Council, for July 24.

All 38 members of the council had been hand-picked by Mussolini; all were fascists to the core. Many of them had been with him in the march on Rome, when, back in 1923, Mussolini had forced King Victor Emmanuel to accept him as Italian dictator.

The meeting got under way in an atmosphere of painful tension. From the first moment it was clear that even here, in fascism's inner circle, there was dissatisfaction with the way things were going. Almost to a man, the council brushed aside Mussolini's defense of the German alliance, his denunciations of the armed forces for cowardice and inefficiency. Then came a stunning

*Roy Publishers, 30 E. 74th St., New York City 21. © 1956 and reprinted with permission.
248 pp. \$3.75.

resolution: Mussolini should resign as head of the state and turn over all his functions and powers to the king.

Outwardly calm, Mussolini half-sneeringly demanded that the resolution be put to a vote, at the same time warning of the consequences of "treason." But the resolution passed, 19 for, 17 against, two abstaining.

Thus Mussolini fell. The bitter blow was dealt by men he had long counted safe. Voting for the resolution were such men as his own son-in-law, Galeazzo Ciano, once minister of foreign affairs and then ambassador to the Vatican; old Marshal Emilio De Bono, who had joined Il Duce in the march on Rome; Giovanni Marinelli, a dear friend; Lucian Gottardi, president of the Industrial Workers' union.

The king placed Mussolini under arrest, and turned the functions of government over to Marshal Pietro Badoglio, who soon signed an armistice with the Allies. But the war was not over for Italy; her former allies, the Germans, held the country in an iron grip. Mussolini was freed from his prison on Gran Sasso by German parachutists, flown to Germany, and there induced by Hitler to head a puppet regime, the Saló republic.

By now, Mussolini wanted only to retire to private life, but Hitler would not have it so. At least, the Saló regime would give Mussolini an opportunity to visit retribution

on those who, he firmly believed, had betrayed both Italy and himself. The 19 members of the fascist Grand council who had voted against him were tried for high treason at Verona in January, 1944. Surprisingly, six had sought German asylum and were present in court; the remaining 13 were tried *in absentia*. All save one, Tullio Cianetti (who had almost immediately repudiated his vote), were condemned to death. Cianetti was sentenced to 30 years in prison; the sentence was later commuted to three days!

When the sentences had been pronounced, the condemned men were escorted from the court and taken to a room, to await their transfer to prison. They were all calm except Marinelli, who had a heart attack. They had to wait a long time while the fascist police cleared the vicinity of sightseers.

During the wait old Marshal De Bono remarked, "Sixty years ago, here in Castelvecchio, I began my military career as a sub-lieutenant of the *Bersaglieri*. Today I close that career as a marshal of Italy condemned to death for treason."

Gottardi remarked that he had hoped that he would be back home and kissing his children that evening. Ciano brusquely answered that he himself had no such hope. Cianetti was silent; possibly he was reflecting that the Saló republic might last fewer months than the years of his sentence.

At last a car came, and took them to the prison Delgli Scalzi, which was attached to the Carmelite monastery. Soon afterwards, their defending counsel arrived. He had their appeals for mercy already drawn up. All the prisoners signed the appeals, though Ciano at first refused, saying he knew Mussolini and knew that he was not capable of mercy or forgiveness. (A dramatic, last-minute appeal for clemency for Ciano made by Edda Ciano, Mussolini's own daughter, had left him unmoved.) But he was reminded that his failure to sign might jeopardize the others' chances, so he gave way.

Some days before the trial a woman who had been a friend of De Bono for many years visited the Duce and implored him to be merciful to the gray-headed marshal. He treated her very differently from the way he had treated his daughter.

He listened amiably and patiently to her plea, then laughed and said, "Do you really think it possible that I could give the order for my old comrade to be shot?"

She went away feeling reassured that De Bono would not be harmed. Mussolini's words were passed from mouth to mouth, arousing the hope that even if the death sentence were pronounced it would be commuted. Since they were all charged with the same crime, if one were pardoned all the others should be pardoned, too.

After signing their appeal, they

went to their cells and wrote farewell letters. Ciano wrote to his mother and his wife. His letter to Edda was brief but passionate; he committed the care of their children to her.

De Bono wrote six short letters, addressing them to his nephews, who were on his estate at Cassano d'Adda, to the steward of the estate, and to one or two close friends. They were all composed in a terse, soldierly tone, typical of the man.

His letter to the steward read, "Dear Friend, This is the last letter I shall write. Tomorrow at this hour I shall be in the next world. One puts on a bold front, and summons up courage, but this is always a solemn moment. I shall not write any more, for I do not want to upset you. I want to thank you for your friendship, and I ask you to think of me sometimes."

He had fought in four of Italy's wars, and now he accepted his fate with resignation and tranquillity.

Monsignor Don Chiot had been confessor to the prisoners in Delgli Scalzi for years. He arrived at 10 p.m. and went immediately to the cells. The first in order, No. 27, was Ciano's. Two uniformed Germans stood guard.

As Don Chiot approached the cell, Ciano rose from his seat and said, "Monsignor, I wish to die in the Roman apostolic faith."

The priest started to enter the cell, but the two Germans ran up and barred his way, shouting, "Nein!"

Verboten!" ("No! It's forbidden!")

At this, Ciano flew into a rage and hurled abuse at them. The priest calmed him down. Monsignor Chiot had to get permission from the Gestapo to administer the consolations of the Catholic faith to the condemned men. Then the prison commandant agreed that they could all spend their last night together. But first the priest heard their confessions.

"I was with them all night," Monsignor Chiot recalls. "We did not talk about the life that was past, but about the life to come, about God, and the immortality of the soul."

Marinelli's heart attack had left him very weak, so he lay on the marshal's bed, with the others around him. One of the prisoners opened a book and read from it; it was Plato's *Phaedo*, which discusses the immortality of the soul. After he had read several passages, the priest commented on them, explaining them in the light of Christianity.

At times they returned to earthly matters, and they talked about Mussolini. They spoke of him as they had in the old days, when he had been their idol, when they had called him the "Old Man." They agreed that the "Old Man" would reject their plea for mercy.

Only once that night did De Bono lose his composure. When Gottardi reminded him that as a convicted traitor he would be shot

in the back, the old marshal furiously exclaimed, "I'm 78, and for 62 years I've worn military uniform without ever bringing a stain on it. This is too much! It's too much!"

Father Chiot went to him and squeezed his hand.

"Forgive me," De Bono said. "That was the soldier speaking. Now this is the man speaking again. And the man is more than the soldier. I can bear anything. Death is a more solemn thing than all the earthly trash."

About 2 A.M. Ciano went back to his cell, to have his last hours to himself. But after a while the priest went to him and led him back to join the others. Winter nights are long. It was still dark when the Angelus began to sound in the church of the monastery.

De Bono got up, and remarked, "My sons, let us for the last time do reverence to the Madonna, whom we hope to see this day in heaven." They all knelt down and prayed, led by Monsignor Don Chiot and a Father Zilio, who had come to the cell.

Dawn came on. The news arrived that the hour of execution had been delayed. This led some of them to hope that a pardon would follow, but De Bono was not deceived. He shook his head, and muttered, "That's an empty hope. We have Galeazzo among us. . . ." He realized how deep was the hatred which Mussolini now felt for his son-in-law.

At eight o'clock a German captain brought the official announcement that the Duce had refused to grant pardon to any of the five. They all accepted their fate with resignation. Ciano was perfectly composed. He said good-by to the prison commandant, gave him a book or two as keepsakes, shook hands with all the guards, and said to the priest, "I die without malice or hatred for anyone. I would like my children to know that."

The five men were taken to Fort Procolo, the place of execution, by car. The entire fort was surrounded by German SS men. The execution, which had been set for 9 A.M., was to be public, and even photographers were allowed to be present. The firing party consisted of a squad of Blackshirt guards.

The morning was cold. De Bono walked from the car to the scene of execution with a firm step. But because of the cold he rubbed his hands continually, so that he seemed to be pleased about something. He turned to the priest at his side, and said, "This is a farce. I've had enough. Let's walk faster; it's chilly." He was silent for a moment, then added, "I don't know about any of the others, but I know that I have done much evil to men, and I ask them all for forgiveness."

Five chairs had been arranged in a row; the condemned men were to sit on them with their backs to the firing squad. This was the manner of execution which the fascists used

for anyone condemned to death for espionage or treason. Ciano pointed the marshal to the chair on the far right, saying, "That is your seat by right, Marshal."

"What of it?" De Bono responded. "On the journey we are about to undertake, primacy is of no significance."

They both asked the commander of the firing squad if they could be shot facing the squad. The request was refused.

Six fascists had been assigned to shoot each of the prisoners. A moment before the command to fire, De Bono cried, "Long live Italy! Long live the King!"

"Long live Italy!" Ciano shouted. The fascists were poor shots; De Bono, Gottardi, and Marinelli fell dead, but the commander had to administer the *coup de grace* to Ciano and Pareschi.

Then they hurried up to take away the bodies. They had orders to bury them quickly, and perhaps secretly. But they met with opposition from the two priests, who had both been present at the execution. "No!" they said resolutely, "these dead bodies belong to us." The commander had to give way to them. Before the bodies were committed to the earth, the fearless Monsignor Don Chiot celebrated a solemn requiem Mass in the cemetery chapel. He also conducted the burial service.

As soon as the execution was over, the president of the tribunal,

Aldo Vecchini, went to report to Mussolini. The Duce told him as they parted, "You have only done your duty."

But Mussolini's conscience apparently troubled him. Some days later, Monsignor Chiot was summoned by telephone to the prefecture in Verona. There the prefect informed him that a car had just arrived from Gargnano to take him to Mussolini. The Duce wished to see him immediately.

The priest remembers every detail of the meeting. They stood confronting each other: Mussolini was aged, sick, thin. His black eyes avoided the priest's. Don Chiot was tall, bony, with white hair, and his eyes behind their metal frames had the composure and tranquillity of the man who is accustomed to the ways of God.

Mussolini greeted him warmly, shook his hand, and asked him to take a seat. In the quiet voice he always used at audiences he told the priest that he would like to hear about the five men's last hours.

Don Chiot looked at him searchingly. He was wondering whether this man was moved simply by curiosity or by the reproach of his conscience.

"They died like good Christians," he answered, "forgiving all who had done them wrong." In a firm voice he added, "And they forgave you, too."

A cloud passed over Mussolini's face. "How would you describe

their last hours?" he asked the priest.

"They spent them in prayer. They were so calm that they were even able to listen while one of them read from Plato."

Mussolini raised his head and looked at the priest. And Don Chiot saw that there were tears in his eyes.

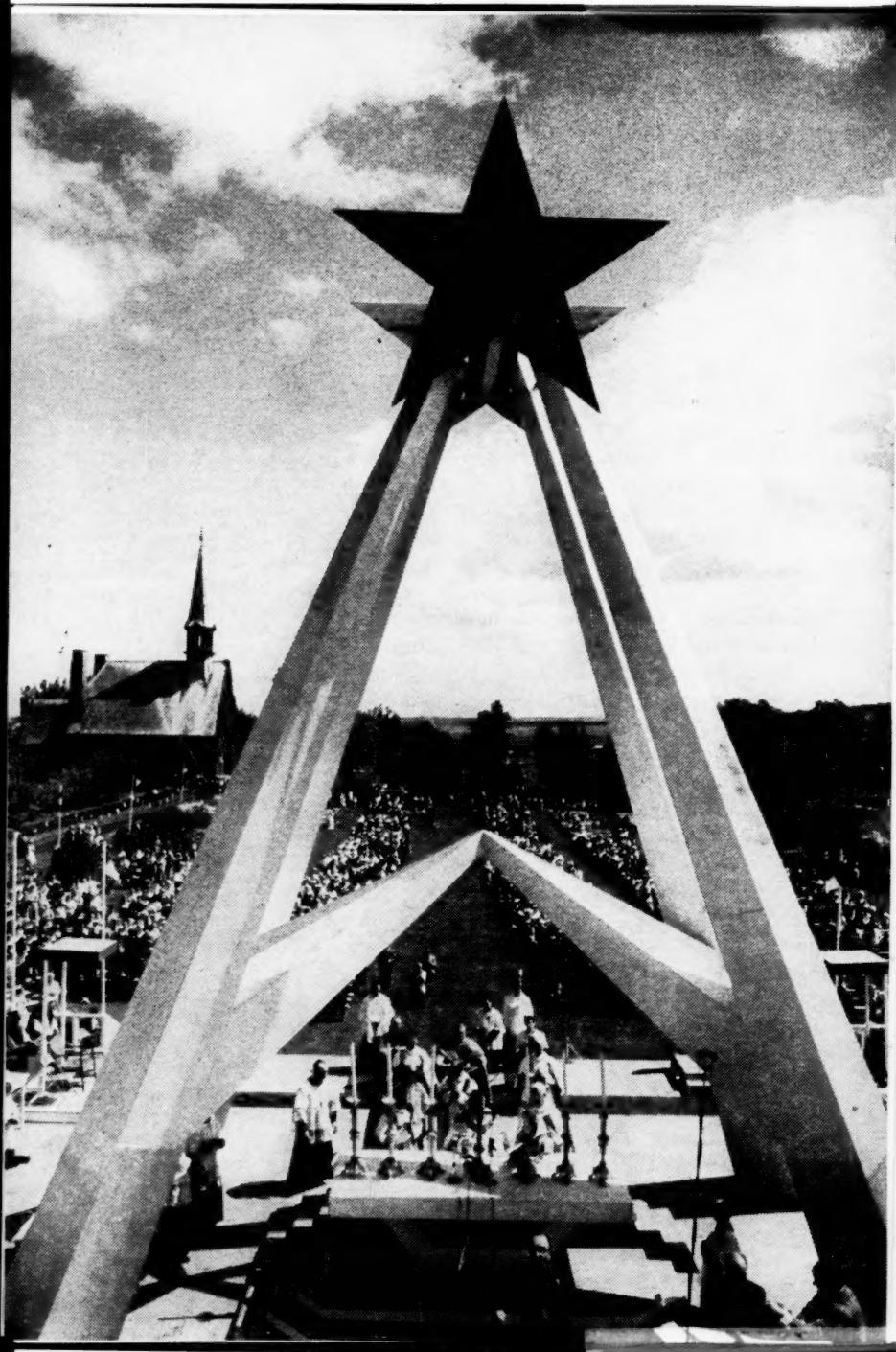
"Faith alone can bring light at such moments," the Duce remarked. But when he asked how the execution itself had passed off, the priest answered proudly, as though such details were to be left to the executioners, "I saw nothing. At that moment all I knew was that their souls were crossing the threshold into eternity."

Mussolini again raised his head and looked at him. Don Chiot repeated Ciano's last words. The dictator rose from his chair and walked around his desk to the priest. Don Chiot stood up. Mussolini bent over the monsignor's hand, as though intending to kiss it. But the hand was withdrawn.

"Grazie," Mussolini said, in a low, almost a whispering, voice. "Thank you."

He walked with the priest as far as the staircase. There he halted him and said, "Pray for Ciano, and for me."

Then he withdrew behind the purple portière, which dropped behind him. Little more than a year later, on April 28, 1945, Mussolini himself was to be "executed" by a group of Italian partisans.



EVANGELINE'S CHILDREN GATHER



The Acadians dedicated a new bust of Longfellow, the poet who immortalized their Acadian past.

This is the forest primeval," wrote Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, introducing generations of children to Acadia and the somber tale of Evangeline and the other French settlers who were expelled from Nova Scotia by the English. Recently, beneath a tall symbol of Acadia, 8,000 descendants of the original settlers met in Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, to observe the 200th anniversary of the great dispersal.

Within a few decades, many Acadians had re-established themselves in Nova Scotia, but many other families stayed in new homes all over Canada and as far south as Louisiana. Now their children journey back to revive the old customs and to rally at the statue of the poet's mythical heroine, Evangeline.

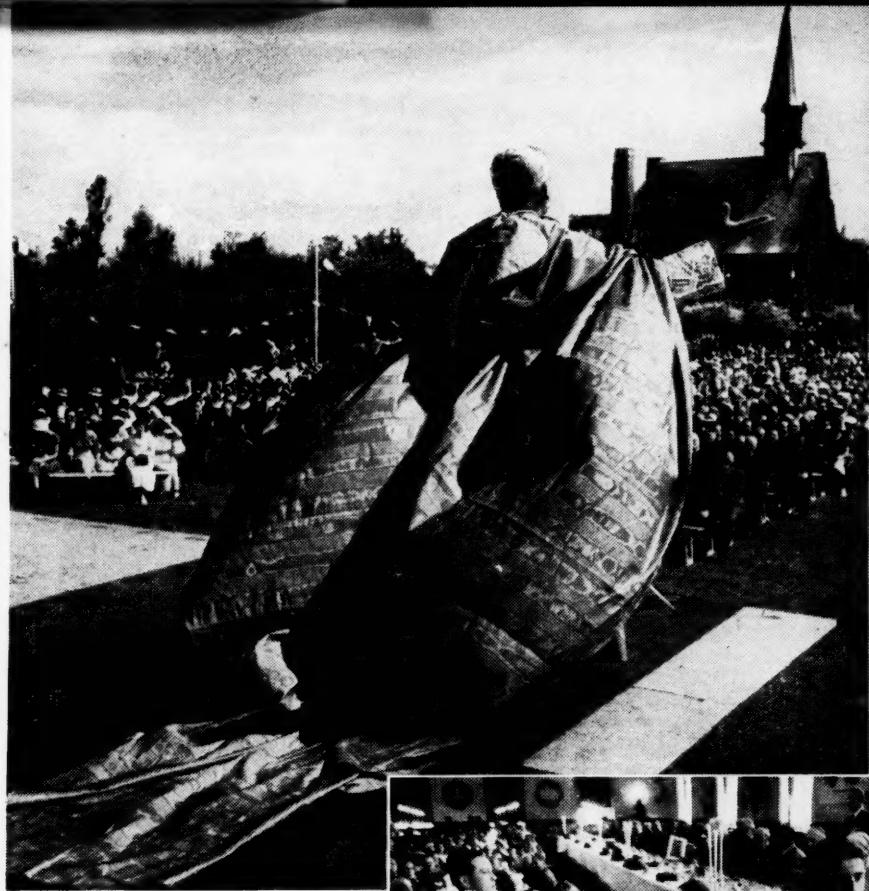
Soaring symbol of Acadia, a star-topped A, surmounts altar where papal delegate offers Mass.



Returning Acadians, nuns and costumed girls, meet at the 35-year-old statue of the famous Evangeline.



Singing Acadian songs at lunch, the choir sprawls beneath trees in Evangeline park. Clothes copy those of Evangeline and Gabriel.



Cardinal's cape billows out as Paul-Emile Cardinal Leger speaks in French to the Acadians. In rear is replica of the church that British troops destroyed in 1755.



Display of dishes favored in old Acadia, like boar's head, precedes the banquet.

By Adm. Lord Mountevans
Condensed from "The Antarctic Challenged"*

I Was With Scott at the Bottom of the World

*Human courage and endurance met the
terrible challenge of the South Pole*

IT IS 43 YEARS since I waved good-by to Captain Scott far away on the Beardmore glacier in the Antarctic. My dear friends Crean and Lashly, who saved my life on our desperate return journey, are dead now. Of the eight of us who reached 87° 35' S., I am the only one still alive. Across more than half a lifetime I remember my last sight of my leader's party: five tiny black specks vanishing into the snowy wastes of Antarctica.

I have been honored by high command in the Royal navy, but there is nothing of which I am so proud as the fact that once I was captain of the *Terra Nova* and second in command to Robert Falcon Scott.

The *Terra Nova* was dirty and smelly, and her auxiliary engines used a lot of coal. I loved her, for she was my first command. I supervised alterations necessary for the expedition and welcomed officers and men as they came aboard.

We left London on June 1, 1910. We traveled to Australia via the

Cape of Good Hope; and at Melbourne Captain Scott received a fateful cablegram: "Beg leave to inform you proceeding Antarctic. Amundsen." The *Terra Nova* had no wireless, and at sea we were cut off from all news. This was the first we



heard of the Norwegian's decision to race us to the South Pole.

We sailed on to New Zealand, where we picked up 19 Siberian ponies and 34 sledge dogs which Meares had bought for us in Russia. Our last port of call was Port

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Chalmers, which we left on Nov. 29, 1910.

We saw our first iceberg on Dec. 7 in 62°S. and soon ran into broken pack ice. The slow progress of the *Terra Nova* was maddening to Scott; his supplies were being used up, and every day's delay meant a day lost in the Antarctic.

Besides the main party, which was to attempt the polar journey, there was another party under command of 1st Mate Campbell of the *Terra Nova* which had instructions to set up a subsidiary base in King Edward VII Land, hundreds of miles to the east of Cape Crozier. After the *Terra Nova* landed our equipment she sailed with Campbell's party. They could not find a landing place, and turned back to the Bay of Whales.

Here they sighted the *Fram*, and paid Amundsen a visit. They were deeply impressed by the efficiency of the Norwegians and by the quality of their 116 Greenland dogs. Campbell realized that in the race for the Pole Captain Scott had a worthy rival.

As our autumn sledging parties returned, the long Antarctic night closed in. Throughout that winter of 1911-12 preparations went on for the summer campaign.

For the southern journey, Scott would use motor, dog, and pony transport to get food and 12 men to the foot of Beardmore glacier. This would be within striking distance of the Pole. The ponies were to

work light loads and easy distances to Corner camp and full loads and easy distances to One Ton camp. From that point, they were to haul full loads over full distances.

At the foot of Beardmore, the dogs would be sent back and the ponies shot. Three teams of four men would then climb the glacier and go on across the Polar plateau. One team would make the final lap of the journey; the others, acting as supporting parties, would be sent back at intervals. All the returning parties depended on finding food and fuel at the depots set up on the way in.

I was in charge of the two motor sledges which had to drag five supply sledges. My men were Day, Lashly, and Hooper. We reached Hut Point, although we had difficulty with the hard surface; and the engines were brutes to start. Both power units broke down before we were much beyond Corner Camp, and were abandoned. From this point we dragged a six-week food supply by hand.

We reached the rendezvous in good time, and had to wait six days for the others. We named the depot Mt. Hooper, after our youngest member. On Nov. 21, Scott's party arrived, and we set off south together.

We were convinced of success, and were in high spirits. Our only grief was the need to kill the ponies. But man-hauling is hungry work, sledge rations are monotonous, and

you cannot afford to be sentimental. On Nov. 24, Hooper and Day turned back, and Atkinson joined my party.

We were within a day's march of the Beardmore when a blizzard held us up. The temperature was above freezing, and everything was miserably wet. We had to start on rations which should have been reserved for the climb. Amundsen, too, was held up by a blizzard on his outward journey, but he had much greater food reserves.

We began an exhausting struggle through soft snow on Dec. 9; 12 hours of killing relay advanced us less than five miles, at the end of which the last of the ponies were shot. How we hated Shambles camp! All that cruel day Uncle Bill Wilson was ravenously hungry, because he gave his rations to Nobby to comfort the poor beast's last march. The first part of the plan had been fulfilled, although not quite on time.

The lower slopes of the Beardmore were covered with soft snow, and we sweated so much that we had to remove our goggles. Several of us suffered snow blindness. On Dec. 10, we established the Lower Glacier depot. Next day the dog teams turned back. They had done so well that in our hearts we envied Amundsen, who relied entirely upon dog transport. We had the unspoken fear that after all our efforts we might be beaten in the race for the Pole.

The surface then began to improve. Despite some falls into crevasses, we made heartening progress. On Dec. 20, Scott decided that next day he would send back Atkinson, Wright, Cherry-Garrard, and Keohane. He reorganized us into two teams: one led by himself, with Wilson, Oates, and Taff Evans; the other led by me, with Bowers, Crean, and Lashly. We began to feel the cold wind from the plateau which Shackleton had found so distressing when he pioneered this route in 1908.

Lashly had an adventurous Christmas day. He fell into a crevasse, and hung by his harness over an 80-foot drop. The sledge bridged the chasm with little to spare at either end, and he was directly under it; getting him out was a ticklish business. When at last we did so, we greeted him with cries of "Merry Christmas" and "Many happy returns."

On New Year's day we saw the astonishing sight of a skua gull at $87^{\circ} 20' S.$! I suppose it was attracted by the meat at Shambles Camp, but how do the birds scent food so far from the coast? We had now caught up with Shackleton's time over the same route, and Scott felt optimistic. "Only 170 miles to the Pole," he wrote on Jan. 1, "and plenty of food."

Just before we started on Jan. 3, Captain Scott came to my tent and broke the news that he wanted to attach Bowers to his party, and send

Crean, Lashly, and me back. I had man-hauled so much farther than the rest that I could not have expected to be taken on the final stage of the journey. Nevertheless, I had hoped against hope!

On Jan. 4, we all reached $87^{\circ} 34'$, and then, giving three cheers, my party turned for home, leaving our comrades to do the remaining 146 miles to the Pole. Again and again we looked back until the black specks on the horizon had vanished into the illimitable white plateau. I was 29 then; now, more than 40 years after, I vividly remember that parting.

We handed over most of our food to the polar party, keeping for ourselves enough for only four days. Thus we would have to march 17 miles a day to pick up supplies at the next depot. A blizzard delayed us, and we lost our direction. On Jan. 13 we found ourselves above Shackleton Ice Falls, looking down on the more regular surface of the Beardmore, hundreds of feet below. A detour around the Ice Falls would have taken three days. I decided, therefore, to take the risk, mad in other circumstances, of tobogganning down. The gamble came off. We had saved three days' hauling and three days' food.

At the end of January we were off the glacier and on the Barrier. By now, I was suffering badly from scurvy; my teeth were loose, my gums ulcerated; and my useless legs were so bruised and green that they

looked like Gorgonzola cheese. At the start of each march my comrades put me on my skis; I would then propel myself with my arms.

I dragged myself along like this for about 120 miles, until one day I fainted. I begged Crean and Lashly to leave me in my sleeping bag with what food they could spare. There was no reason why all three of us should die. At the risk of their lives they insisted on strapping me to the sledge, and taking me with them.

Somehow, they hauled me to within 35 miles of Hut Point when a blizzard halted sledge travel. They erected the tent, and put me inside.

Crean set out for help, and Lashly stayed to nurse me. Through the little round tent door I watched Crean striding off. His only food was a bar of chocolate and a few crackers. In a remarkable march of 18 hours he reached Hut Point, just before a blizzard stopped all movement.

Fortunately, Atkinson and Dimitri were there. As soon as the weather cleared they set out with dog teams to our rescue. We were near the end, when suddenly we heard the baying of dogs. The teams galloped up to the tent, and Krisravitsa, the lead dog, licked my hands and face. I put my arms around his neck and hugged his hairy Siberian body.

Atkinson gave me skilled attention, and then tenderly placed Lashly and me on the sledges. In

three hours, the dogs pulled us back to Hut Point, where I remained until the *Terra Nova* made her second visit to the Antarctic. On Feb. 28, 1912, I was carried on board, and taken back to New Zealand, where I made an unexpected recovery from my terrible affliction.

After we had turned back, Scott's party at first made fairly good progress, though on Jan. 7 he noted (in his diary) that Taff Evans had a nasty cut on his hand. Next day a blizzard held them up.

After some easier running, they were again plagued by the crystals which made hauling hard. They could manage little more than ten miles a day.

On Jan. 15, they camped within two long marches of the Pole. "It ought to be a certain thing now, and the only appalling possibility the sight of the Norwegian flag fore-stalling ours. Only 27 miles from the Pole. We ought to do it now."

Next day, they knew that Amundsen had beaten them. "About the second hour of the march Bowers' sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn. Half an hour later he detected a black speck ahead. We marched on, found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge bearer; near by, the remains of a camp; sledge tracks and ski tracks going and coming and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us, and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappoint-

ment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Tomorrow we must march to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass."

They reached the goal on Jan. 17, but it brought no sense of triumph.

Next day they left their "poor slighted Union Jack" at the Pole, and began the 800-mile haul back to Cape Evans. The southerly wind was now behind them, and at first they made good progress. The health of the party, however, was giving Scott more and more anxiety.

When Wilson spotted the flag which marked the Middle Glacier depot, they had nothing in reserve but the ingredients for one scanty meal. Bowers and Oates were snow-blind, and Evans was so ill that he could not do his share of work. Scott knew that his party was cracking under the impossible strain. On Feb. 17, Evans died.

Evans' death increased the chances of the survivors. Shortly afterwards, they reached the Lower Glacier and then the Southern Barrier depots. Here Scott first mentions another of the misfortunes which dogged him. "Saw depot and reached it middle forenoon. Found store in order except shortage oil." Drinking water can only be obtained by melting snow, and travelers cannot stand bitter cold without hot food.

On March 11, Scott did a simple and terrible sum. "We have seven days' food, and should be about 55

miles from One Ton camp tonight; 6 times 7 equals 42, leaving us 13 miles short of our distance, even if things go no worse." Four days later, Oates died.

On Wednesday, March 21, they were within 11 miles of One Ton depot, where there were ample supplies. They might just possibly have made it, but a blizzard raged for a week. The last entry in Scott's diary was made on Thursday, March 29, 1912. "Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from w.s.w. and s.w. We had fuel enough to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent, it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, and the end cannot be far.

"It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more. R. Scott.

"For God's sake look after our people."

When Scott failed to return in the autumn, the base party knew that he must have perished. Nothing could be done until the next summer, and they had to spend another winter at Cape Evans, under command of Atkinson. Towards the end of October, 1912, he took out a search party. Let Cherry-Garrard tell how they found the dead men:

"Wright came across to us. 'It is the tent.' I do not know how he

knew. Just a waste of snow: to our right, the remains of one of last year's cairns, a mere mound: and then three feet of bamboo sticking quite alone out of the snow: and then another mound of snow, perhaps a trifle more pointed. We walked up to it. I do not think we quite realized—not for very long—but someone reached up to a projection of snow, and brushed it away. The green flap of the ventilator of the tent appeared and we knew that the door was below.

"Two of us entered, through the funnel of the outer tent, and through the bamboos on which was stretched the lining of the inner tent. There was some snow—not much—between the two linings. But inside we could see nothing—the snow had drifted out the light. There was nothing to do but to dig the tent out. Soon we could see the outlines. There were three men here.

"Bowers and Wilson were sleeping in their bags. Scott had thrown back the flaps of his bag at the end. His left hand was stretched over Wilson, his lifelong friend. Beneath the head of his bag, between the bag and the floorcloth, was the green wallet in which he carried his diary. The brown books of diary were inside; and on the floorcloth were some letters We never moved the bodies. We took the bamboos of the tent away, and the tent itself covered them. And over them we built the cairn."

By Edward D. Fales, Jr.
Condensed from "Parade"*

Double the Life of Your Tires!

*Follow ten simple rules
that tire experts follow*

EVERY TIME you hear your tires squeal, you can kiss 75¢ good-bye. So says Director Andrew White of the Motor Vehicle Research laboratory in South Lee, N. H., who studies tire wear for one of America's largest chemical companies.

If you're average, he says, you're getting 12,000 to 14,000 miles on your tires. You should be getting up to 25,000 miles and more, and he has put together ten rules to help you double the life of your tires. Here are Mr. White's rules.

1. Don't overload your car. Overloading makes cars "droop" in the rear — because there's too much weight in the trunk. This strains the rear tires, lifts the front ones too high. How costly this can be to tires was shown in one trial trip.

"We put 1,100 pounds of test gear in the trunk of a new car," he says. "When we started we measured the amount of rubber in the rear tires. The outer rib had a layer of 11/32" of good new rubber. After a 5,000-mile round trip, with

top speeds of 60 to 70, nearly two-thirds of that rubber was gone."



2. When you start up in the morning, don't rush to the nearest expressway and shoot your speed up to 50 or 60. Says White, "Warm up your tires just as you do your engine. Feed speed to them slowly. A cold tire 'bunches' if you speed, developing flat spots which wear it out fast. A five-minute ride on cold tires at 60 mph can take 500 miles of life out of each tire!"

3. When you buy new tires, don't put them on right away. Have each tire inflated to twice its normal pressure and let it stretch 24 hours be-

*286 Madison Ave., New York City 17. June 24, 1956. © 1956 by Parade Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

fore using. Then deflate to road pressure—but hold your speed to 40 for the first 100 miles. Your tires will last 30% longer.

4. Always buy new tires in pairs; better still, replace all five tires at the same time. This may sound extravagant but it actually saves you money. "A new tire should never be paired with an old one," says White. "Tires of different age pull unevenly, wear out faster."

5. Rotate your tires regularly, every 2,000 miles up to 10,000; every 5,000 miles after that. Rotate all your tires, including the spare, in regular sequence.

6. Avoid mixing tires of different makes. Similar treads work together better, last longer.

7. Never make a sudden stop above 55 mph. Just one locked-wheel stop at 60 can cost one-third of the life of your tires. Any quick, hard-braking stop (as you sometimes make at traffic lights) costs an average 75¢ in tire wear. And a locked-wheel stop can run the cost to \$15 or more. This is the stop that leaves a friction burn on the pavement. If you step on this burn while it's warm, your shoes will stick to it; that's expensive rubber melted from your tires.

8. Don't cruise above 55 mph. At higher speeds tires melt and break up fast.

9. Watch your front-wheel alignment. One driver ruined two new tires in 12 days because his front wheels were badly out of line. On

long trips, have your wheels checked about once a week.

10. Don't be afraid to increase pressure in your tires to as much as 20% more than recommended by tire makers. (A 24-lb. pressure can be safely hiked to 30.) You won't get as smooth a ride, but your tires will last longer.

Incidentally, "rolling" your tires on sharp turns is one of the costliest things you can do. Whenever you hear tires squeal on a turn, you can figure that squeal cost the driver \$1.

White, who has spent five years studying tire performances and whose findings soon will be published in a book, made one test working with state police. New tires were put on five police cruisers; each car was assigned to a different kind of driver. Under each hood White installed a "tattletale," a device that automatically records driving performance.

One policeman wore his tires smooth in 11,279 miles. The tattletale showed he did a lot of "cowboying": made quick starts and stops, "rolled" his tires on turns, and traveled at high speeds. Two others were steadier drivers, tallying 17,774 and 21,236 miles each before their treads wore off. The fourth did better, racking up 26,603 miles.

The driver who did best had only gone 12,000 when the test ended, but he still had so much rubber left, White reported, that he could easily have made 30,000 on his tires.

You can do even better than that, says White. If you observe all ten rules, your tires may take you 50,000 miles. Some drivers get this kind of mileage by examining their tires every day. Here's what they look for.

1. Uneven wear. If tires wear more rapidly on one side, it may be because they haven't been rotated regularly; they're not all the same age; or the wheels are out of line.

2. Cupping. This appears as shallow scoops or depressions in the tread and may mean an unbalanced wheel (see your garage man);

or tire overload. Cupping sometimes makes a soft, regular bumping sound.

3. Abrasion. This shows up as a darker or rougher area on the outer ribs. It may only be due to driving on rough roads and thus not serious. It is serious if caused by too-low air pressure, high-speed driving or turning corners too fast.

4. Drift wear. This looks like abrasion but appears only on front wheels. The rubber may be torn or frayed. It means your front wheels are out of line, and you'd better see that your garage man realigns them right away.

IN OUR HOUSE

We are expecting a new baby at our house any day now. Today, little Mary handed me a note on which she had spent many hours of loving composition. She asked me to take it to her mother the day she goes into the hospital. It reads as follows:

"Dear Mother,
I am wondering if it will be a girl or a boy. Or 2 girls or 2 boys.
Or a boy and a girl, or 3 boys. Or 3 girls. Or 2 girls and 1 boy.
Or 2 boys and 1 girl.

Your daughter, Mary"
A. V. Wiseman.

"Mother, today we learned all about the Blessed Trinity," little Martha cried, rushing in from school. Everybody urged her to tell what she had learned.

"Well," she said, "there is the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost"—she paused dramatically—"and Amen isn't anybody!" Mrs. L. W. Echols.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By Frank Brutto

Santa Susanna, Church of the Two Houses



Rome's American parish is like any parish in the U. S.—except that it's 1700 years old

ROME'S CHURCH of Santa Susanna is a breath of home to an American traveling abroad. Not that it resembles his own parish church — Santa Susanna was ancient when Columbus discovered the new world.

But on a sunny Sunday morning, when the clatter of traffic in Piazza San Bernardo has drowsed to holiday tempo, an unmistakably American throng issues from its door and lingers on its old stone steps. It's just like a Sunday morning back home.

Santa Susanna has been Rome's church for American Catholics since 1921. Pope Benedict XV, noting the increase of Americans in Rome after the 1st World War, thought that they, like other nationalities, should have their own church in the Eternal City.

Santa Susanna was a happy choice. It is one of the loveliest of Rome's 500 churches. Its history goes back to the early days of Christianity and to a gentle Roman virgin who 1,700 years ago chose martyr-

dom rather than marry the Emperor Diocletian's adopted son.

Here, in her father's house, on Aug. 11, 290 A.D., she bent her young head for the sword stroke. The very next day, Pope St. Caius, Susanna's uncle, offered Mass on the spot of her martyrdom. Thereafter, many services were held there secretly, for the persecutions under Diocletian—among the cruelest that the Christians suffered—had begun. For 200 years the place of worship was known as the Church of the Two Houses.

The "two houses" had been built by Susanna's father, St. Gabinius, and by St. Caius, her uncle. They were two brothers who had come to Rome from Dalmatia. A cousin who had accompanied them became the Emperor Diocletian. Known centuries ago as the titular church of Pope Caius, Santa Susanna today is the titular church of Edward Cardinal Mooney of Detroit. He has aided in recent improvements to the church and in restoration of its art treasures.

During the 2nd World War Santa Susanna was closed. The

Paulist Fathers in charge of it were repatriated with the other Americans living in Italy. Cistercian nuns of the Rule of St. Bernard, whose strictly cloistered Order has occupied an adjoining convent since 1575, took care of the church. It was not damaged.

Then, with the Allied liberation of Rome came the joyful reopening of Santa Susanna. Since that day, American tourists and residents abroad have taxed its facilities. If Pope Benedict thought that there were Americans in Rome in 1921, he should see them now.

"Yes," concedes the pastor, Father James F. Cunningham, C.S.P., "it is a bit of a rat race—but we love it."

The "we" includes Father Thomas Grant McMahon, C.S.P., of Erie, Pa., Father Cunningham's assistant, and, like him, a big man who gives cheerfully of boundless energy.

One typical recent afternoon Father Cunningham sat at his desk in the church office. A steady stream of visitors, seminarians, tourists, parishioners, pilgrims (not all of them Americans) came at him from two sides: from the church, where Father McMahon was hearing Confessions, and through a sunlit patio that opens on the busy street and is used for Santa Susanna's monthly Communion breakfast of American doughnuts and coffee.

In a few minutes, two Italian women came through the open

doors seeking information; a Spanish woman; two Egyptians; two GIs trying to locate the uso, and an apple-cheeked, jolly German woman pilgrim who wanted a post card of Santa Susanna.

Meanwhile, several young people had gathered in the office to get tickets for an audience with the Holy Father. There was a lad from Waterbury, Conn.; a group from San Francisco and another from Tennessee; and an elderly Irish-American who after a long life of hard work had now come to Rome for a supreme adventure, an audience with the Pope.

"Here's your ticket, Tom," Father Cunningham told him. "It's a good ticket—right in the tribunal of Longinus. You will be very near to the Holy Father. But go early, Tom. Be there by 10:30 (the audience was for noon) and push your way up to your place."

Santa Susanna now shares with the Pontifical North American college in Rome the job of obtaining audience tickets for Americans. It handles about 5,000 each year.

Then there are marriages. American Catholics like to get married in St. Peter's. Since he came here four years ago, Father Cunningham has officiated at 75 such marriages. This year, he had eight in the ten days after Easter.

Catechism classes are held regularly at Santa Susanna. Annual retreats are conducted also, especially for the parishioners, about 350

families assigned to the American embassy or consulate. Some Canadians and Australians in Rome prefer to attend services at Santa Susanna, too. Former Italian Premier Mario Scelba has been fond of dropping in for Mass from time to time. Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce is in the habit of stepping into the church for an evening prayer whenever she can.

The bulk of work at Santa Susanna is much like that of any American parish. Confessions are heard daily. A perpetual plenary indulgence, granted by Pope Sixtus V, is granted to anyone who receives Holy Communion there. Masses are celebrated daily, 11 on Sunday.

Santa Susanna is one of Rome's smaller churches, and holds only 400 people. On Sundays an average of 1,600 American Catholics, some with cameras slung over their shoulders, attend services. The church is packed at Christmas and Easter midnight Masses.

The church has nine altars. Sometimes they are all being used by visiting priests and bishops. One day, 17 bishops and 35 priests celebrated Mass there. The average on a summer day is from 15 to 18.

Ancient tradition says that in 330 A.D. Pope St. Sylvester I, after the Emperor Constantine had repaired and improved the home of Susanna, brought the relics of Gabinius there from the catacombs as well as those of St. Felicitas. By 497, the Church of the Two Houses

had become known as the church of Pope St. Caius.

A century later, Pope St. Gregory the Great named the building the church of Santa Susanna. It then became one of the most important in Rome and a favorite of various Popes. Sergius I (687-701) built houses and gardens around it. Leo III (795-816) almost completely restored it and brought to completion its magnificent works of art. It was he who placed in the church's crypt the remains of St. Susanna and the relics of St. Felicitas and her son, Silenius.

Pope Sixtus IV further restored the church in 1475. More than 100 years later, in 1595, the vicar of Pope Clement VIII began its complete restoration, bringing the church to its present baroque appearance. Its classical façade, one of the earliest examples of this style in Rome, is the work of Carlo Maderno. It holds statues of the four saints whose relics are inside the church, Caius, Gabinius, Felicitas, and Susanna.

The interior is rich, but not, like many Italian churches, overpoweringly so. A marble staircase leads down to the crypt. Excavations in 1880 brought to light a portion of the ancient 3rd-century floor and fragments of the walls of Susanna's house. Little remains of the primitive crypt.

The centuries-old floor now is about ten feet below the busy street level. Here there is a bare, white-

walled chapel known as the Chapel of the Purgatorial Altar.

The 35 Cistercian nuns hear Mass in this simple chapel. When the doors of Santa Susanna are closed and the church is empty, the nuns emerge from their seclusion to care for the altars. Unseen behind an altar grill, they sing at evening Benediction.

Behind a section of old wall in the crypt is hidden an efficient modern oil furnace that can, said Father Cunningham, "heat the whole church in about 20 minutes." This is all there is of modernity in the crypt. What you see are remnants of ancient walls, the time-worn fitted mosaics under your feet. There is even a section of the Servian wall of Rome, built in

400 B.C., and destroyed 200 years later.

Here, the jangle of traffic in the busy street and the jumble of voices fade away into utter quiet. You can now easily imagine the Empress Serena, Diocletian's wife, and secretly herself a Christian, coming here with backward glances at night to carry away martyred Susanna's body and hide it in the catacombs.

You can imagine the hushed services here during the days and nights of the long persecution; the triumphant return, 500 years later, of Susanna's relics to her home and church.

And the thought may come to you: how firm the ground beneath your feet; how eloquent the silence of the stones around you.



A CELL IN MURDERERS' ROW

My father was once engaged to make a health and safety inspection in a penitentiary on the East Coast. Toward the end of his tour he was conducted to the isolated tier of cells known as "murderers' row," where convicted murderers awaited the death penalty.

A guard pulled a lever, and the iron gates of six cells swung open. At an order, six convicts stepped out and stood in the corridor. My father stepped into the first cell and began his inspection.

He raised the mattress and spring of the small cot, propped them against the wall, and turned his flashlight on the area beneath the bed. As the beam of the flashlight swept along the baseboard, my father saw there, written in pencil, seven words: "Mother of God, pray for us sinners."

The warden later told my father that those words had been written there 15 years before by a convert to Catholicism just before he went to his death. The cell had been repainted many times since then, but every painter, when he came upon that scrawled prayer, had lifted his brush and let the words stand.

Richard R. Roberts.

By Jane Thomas
Condensed from the
"Minneapolis Sunday Tribune"*

Keep Your Husband Alive

A wife must practice preventive medicine

HOW CAN WIVES keep husbands alive? How can they fight the statistics which say that most of them face lonely stretches of widowhood? These questions now demand better answers than holding the ladder while a husband changes storm windows or seeing that he wears his raincoat during damp weather.

Perhaps women can save their husbands longer by establishing certain living patterns in their homes. In areas that might come under a good wife's management, medical authorities mention diet, health examinations, exercise, accident prevention, and sensitivity to a man's psychological needs.

At the heart of the problem is, yes, heart disease, especially coronary heart disease. It is the No. 1 killer of executives between the ages of 40 and 60, and it kills two and one-half times as many men as women.

Scientific findings relate heart disease to diet, physical activity or inactivity, and the less tangible factor of stress.

The theory that a high-fat diet



causes cholesterol deposits in the arteries, which in turn may cause coronary heart disease, has been borne out by experiments of Dr. Ancel Keys, head of the University of Minnesota laboratory of physiological hygiene. Many coronary-heart patients' wives consequently have traded "Please pass pop the shortcake" for "Please pass up the shortcake, dear, for your own sake."

New light on menu combat against heart disease may come out of a recent study in South Africa headed by Dr. Brian Bronte-Stewart of the same university laboratory. This work indicated that not all fats may be hard on the arteries.

*425 Portland Ave., Minneapolis 15, Minn. June 24, 1956. © 1956 by the Minneapolis Star & Tribune Co., and reprinted with permission.

What comes out of the kitchen is a wife's concern. She might, therefore, as an insurance against coronary heart disease, beware of overloading her menus with fried foods, rich pastries, fat meats, chocolate, too much margarine, butter or cheeses. A balanced meal is as important as a balanced budget, and every wife should study nutrition.

These same University of Minnesota scientists believe that overweight per se is not a direct cause, but a secondary one, of coronary heart disease. Overweight probably is more directly connected with hypertensive heart disease caused by high blood pressure.

Evidence does indicate that it is generally unhealthy to be fat, that a fat man's heart has to pump harder to do its job, that fat persons die sooner than thin ones. Scales, measuring tapes, and full-length mirrors are good items to have around.

Studies indicate that men in active jobs have less tendency to heart disease than the pencil pushers. If this is true, says Dr. Josef Brozek, associate professor of physiological hygiene at Minnesota, then there should be a complete re-evaluation of sports in this country.

Stadiums have replaced sandlots. Spectator sports have replaced neighborhood games. Men drive or ride to work instead of walking or bicycling. They go fishing and hunt ducks, activities which, as Dr. Brozek says, involve "mostly wait-

ing." They have little chance for moderate, regular forms of exercise.

Women, on the other hand, if they do housework, exercise quite systematically.

To get husbands out of the bleachers and into the back yard, Dr. Brozek suggests that women organize neighborhood sports, volleyball games, for instance. A wife can learn a sport, such as golf or swimming, that she and her husband can engage in together. She can try to keep him from an occasional orgy of violent activity—like 27 holes of golf the first nice day after a sedentary winter.

Dr. Brozek emphasizes the point that nagging about exercise will get a wife nowhere. The sport has to be a pleasant experience, or its value is lost.

Now, does mother's clamoring for a mink coat father a coronary? Ernest Klepetar, chief actuary of Minnesota Mutual Life Insurance Co., in St. Paul, reports that 12 scientists at a world health meeting in Geneva, Switzerland, recently agreed that there is, as yet, no scientific basis for saying that stress plays a part in coronary heart disease.

Ulcers and certain intestinal disturbances, however, may be traced to emotional causes. And stress seems to be related to high blood pressure.

A peptic ulcer, said one university psychiatrist, is likely to result if a man's love-energy output is greater than his intake. In other

STATISTICS SPELL LONELINESS

In 1955, widows numbered almost 7,600,000 in the U. S., compared to 4,700,000 in 1930.

Widows outnumber widowers about three to one in the U. S.

One woman in ten, aged 45 to 54, is a widow. Between 55 and 64, one out of four is a widow.

Practically everything, except diabetes and childbirth, kills more men than women.

The estimated average length of life for men increased from 46.4 in 1900 to 66.8 in 1954. For women, it rose from 48.3 in 1900 to 72.9 in 1954.

words, he may get ulcers if his successes are not recognized by his business associates or if his wife does not fuss over him enough.

Men *do* require fussing over, said this psychiatrist. And they are getting much less of it now than in the Victorian era. Then the head of the household was met at the door with slippers and pipe, and nobody sat in father's chair but father.

The period of strain comes early in marriage for a woman, when her children are small and need minute-by-minute care. For a man, it comes later, when young men are threatening his status in business, and when he faces increased financial burdens, such as sending his chil-

dren to college and saving up for his old age.

Doctors refused to blame wives directly for material demands that add to their husband's worries. But they did say that a wife should learn to separate needs from luxuries.

A wife should make home as pleasant a place as possible. She can't be the sole guardian of all tensions, or she'll go to pieces herself. But she can keep her husband from being a listening post for troubles.

Some wives can't say No to social engagements, even during their husbands' work week. The doctors recommend that a wife evaluate her husband's personality, and decide whether big doses of gaiety relax him or add to his strain.

Sometimes, it is up to a wife to offer suggestions for vacations. A man under extreme pressure at work may put them off.

One of the most important roles a wife plays in her husband's longevity is in insisting on regular medical checkups. Cancer, the No. 2 killer of men, often can be controlled by early detection.

Automobile accidents kill more men than women. (Men are on the road more and usually in a bigger hurry.)

Driving after drinking should concern wives. If a wife is more capable of driving home after a party, she should be able to persuade her husband to let her do

so—or take a taxi. But each woman has to figure out her own, non-nagging way to say, "Don't drive so fast!"

Even home accidents, in spite of the fact that women folk spend more time in the home, kill more men than women between the ages of 15 and 64, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. statistics reveal.

Falls bulk large among home accidents, says Dr. Abraham B. Rosenfield of the Minnesota State Board of Health. Pick up the garden tools in the yard and the roller skates on the stairway, and anchor your scatter rugs. Keep a first-aid kit handy.

For health's sake, keep your quarreling down to a quibble. At a meeting of the President's Conference on Occupational Safety, it was brought out that a quarrelsome wife, or one who neglects to make her husband's breakfast, contributes to her husband's on-the-job accidents.

To be realistic about the how-to-keep-your-husband-alive problem, a young woman might begin at the beginning and choose a husband younger than herself. Metropolitan Life's figures do show that men, older men particularly, now are marrying women closer to their own ages.

Although the challenge is broad (especially with the no-nagging, keep-it-light clause attached) and the statistics grim, there are notes of cheer.

Women may be spending more time as widows, but they are also spending more years with their husbands, because men, too, are living longer. And, as a review of the last half-century shows, married men (married women, too) live considerably longer than unmarried ones.

This certainly is a tribute to marriage, and to the wives who apparently already are doing something about keeping husbands alive.

EFFORT REWARDED

A certain young woman was surprised and delighted to find herself named chief beneficiary of her miserly aunt's will. But the estate seemed to consist chiefly of a huge old house from which nothing, apparently, had ever been thrown away. Still, a rumor persisted that the aunt had once hidden a large sum of money somewhere about the house.

The young woman searched through the accumulated trash again and again, but could find nothing of value. At last, in a little shed at the back of the house, she came upon a large fruit jar. It was covered with cobwebs, but the young woman could see a folded piece of paper inside. With great effort, she unscrewed the lid and unfolded the paper. On it appeared the words, "This jar is cracked."

Capper's Weekly.

By Ted F. Silvey as told to Jerry Klein

Labor Faces Automation

*It can be a blessing
for everyone, if we use
our heads—and hearts*

HOW LONG will it be before a machine takes over my job?" That's the question which has haunted millions of working men ever since some of the amazing accomplishments of automation began to hit the headlines.

Automation is the marriage of electronics to mechanics, the wedding of the vacuum tube to the machine. Production equipment is no longer simply dead steel that can be brought to life only by the human touch. Now, instruments substitute for man's mind, just as the rest of the machine takes the place of his muscles. Machines are acquiring the skill of human beings, but they work faster and more accurately than anything of flesh and blood—and they never tire.

What does this tremendous innovation really mean to the average working man and his family?

My opinion is that there is no valid reason why anyone in our society should have to dread the progress of automation. After all, man has adapted himself to the harness-



ing of other sources of productive power: wind, falling water, coal, oil, and electricity.

But let there be no mistake: the new technology does pose serious problems, and they are just as serious for employers as for their employees. The machine operator may well ask himself, "What will I do if a robot makes worthless all the skill I've developed over the years?" But his boss should also inquire, "How will I sell what I produce if half my customers are thrown out of work by mechanical monsters?"

It may be conservatively estimated that automation will create 10 million new jobs during the next decade. It may also displace 1 million of our present breadwinners. True, some of these men will find other

Ted F. Silvey has been engaged in labor-union activities for 20 years. He is now a member of the AFL-CIO department of education in Washington, D.C.

jobs. But others will not find fresh opportunities, and will need to be given a leg up, to survive.

Suppose, for example, that Jim Grant, a 55-year-old drill-press operator, comes to work one morning and finds that his press has been built into a new transfer machine. He simply isn't needed any longer. He isn't going to be given a job handling the electronic controls which regulate the new machine; he is 25 years too old to learn that skill. Yet Jim is not ready to retire for another ten years, either.

Management is not going to take care of him until that time comes. So Jim has a real problem, and in a sense, society has a problem, too. That is why labor organizations are already deeply concerned about men like Jim Grant.

Some people tell us not to worry, because, in the long run, automation will make more jobs. That is true, it will. But in the long run, we shall all be dead, too. The challenge is to solve the problem in the short run, to give immediate aid to the worker whose fingers are caught in the door when it is slammed shut.

Automation will bring a whole new economic pattern into existence. If there are fewer factory jobs, but a much greater rate of production, it is plain that many more people must have other kinds of work if they are to buy manufactured goods.

The abundance of our automatic

factories will force employers to fertilize their markets by devoting more of their profits to wages and social services, thus not only raising the standard of living, but making more sales possible for the cascading output of the new machines. Traditionally, our economy runs on a high-price, high-profit concept. The labor unions propose that automation be founded on abundance, low prices, and better wages; on production primarily for the use of society as a whole, with generous, but not monopolistic, profits for the owners.

The labor unions do not look with disapproval on automation. But they say that because its impact is going to be so great, they intend to help lead automation in the direction that will be most beneficial to mankind.

Today's labor unions will not meet this technological change the way the French weavers did 150 years ago. Confronted by the new Jacquard looms, the weavers threw their wooden shoes into the machines in a fruitless effort to thwart progress!

Walter Reuther, vice-president of the AFL-CIO, has said, "Automation must be met sanely and constructively so that the miracle of mass production, and the ever greater economic abundance made possible thereby, can find expression in the lives of people through improved economic security and a fuller share of happiness and human dignity.

"We intend to harness this radi-

cal new force in our lives, using its potential to produce an era in which well-being, justice, and peace will be the universal possession of all mankind. Economic abundance is within our grasp if we but have the good sense to use our resources and technology fully and effectively, within a framework of economic policies that are morally right and socially responsible."

It is exciting to think that automation promises a time when a comparative handful of people will have to work in factories at the dull, repetitive tasks demanded by mass production. The day will come when unions will ask, not just for higher living standards, but for a much shorter work week, perhaps one of four days.

The wise use of leisure will become an increasingly important element in our thinking. Originally the expression "labor-saving machinery" meant only a way by which employers could reduce their operating costs. Under automation, the phrase can at last mean what it says: a saving of labor for the overburdened worker, so that he may have time and energy left after earning a living to *do* some living. More and more people will be relieved of that narrow acquisitiveness which drives them to burn themselves out in the heaping up of personal possessions. Already I see indications that this wholesome change is on the way.

It must never be forgotten that

although machines may eventually do practically everything, *they can't buy what they make*. It takes jobs and good earnings, money in people's pockets all year long, to keep the country's cash registers ringing.

We should prepare to accept automation as a tremendous force for good in our society. And that means intelligent community planning. In many places, unfortunately, union people are still thought of as being "on the other side of the tracks." But in a number of communities, planning bodies already have invited union members to help outline the roles that government, management, labor, and the individual should play in the application of the new technology.

Collective bargaining can settle things like the guaranteed annual wage, the shorter work week, and increased earnings; but additional legislation may also be required. The federal minimum-wage law will become even more important, to aid that one-fifth of American families who have an income of less than \$2,000 a year. The Social Security act must be improved, perhaps even by reducing the retirement age.

New educational programs must be devised, especially adult education, to help rehabilitate displaced workers. Improvements in the unemployment-compensation laws perhaps may be geared to re-training these workers for new jobs.

The challenge all of us face today was well summed up by the

Indiana **cio** council when it declared, "The measure of a modern industry is its power to preserve our human values while adding to

our material heritage. Man is not just another factor in the productive chain; he is the reason for its existence!"

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (PAGE 34)



The Nun

We have as many non-Catholics as Catholics in our business school. They are not required to study Catholic philosophy. This year, however, when we started discussions based on THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, one non-Catholic girl asked to join the class and also for a subscription.

Then, two more, one of them a veteran of the Korean war, did the same. These three persevered. They gave discussions and talks on articles in THE DIGEST. Then a fourth young woman, with two years of college behind her, took up the challenge.

You have a letter from Betty Leigh Hobson. She speaks for herself. So, three are under instruction, and two will soon be, we hope. Already, some non-Catholics who registered for September are asking to join the class.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST has been a great blessing in our school.

Sister Mary Barbara,
St. Joseph's Business School,
Bennington, Vermont



The Girl

I wish to congratulate you on your fine publication. As I shall become a member of the Catholic Church next month, I want to express my appreciation to you and your staff for the many articles that have helped clarify some points for me and which have added so much to the beauty and history of the Catholic religion.

You have an excellent coverage of a variety of subjects, all presented in an interesting manner, which makes your magazine a pleasure to read.

Betty Leigh Hobson,
226 W. Main St.,
Bennington, Vermont

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